



On July 18, 1948, GERALD W. JOHNSON of Baltimore published in a New York daily the prediction that Truman could win, provided he would run his own campaign and make it aggressive. Now he points out the reasons why Truman will win again unless the Republicans wake up to realities. Mr. Johnson was a leading editorial writer of the Baltimore Sunpapers from 1926 to 1943 and is well known for his biographies of Andrew Jackson, Woodrow Wilson, and F.D.R., and for his succinct, factual study of the new South, The Wasted Land.

TRUMAN'S THIRD TERM

by GERALD W. JOHNSON

SHORTLY before Thanksgiving the Honorable Clinton Presba Anderson (D., N.M.) made public proclamation concerning the Honorable Harry S. Truman (D., Mo.) and the next Presidential campaign. "I think he'll be the nominee and will be elected," said Senator Anderson. But he did not say why, presumably on the theory that in the case of an incumbent it is up to the opposition to say why not.

The reasons why a President should not be re-elected fall into three main categories: —

1. He has made errors so egregious that they have reacted disastrously upon the country.
2. There is available a demonstrably better man.
3. His political philosophy is offensive to the majority.

To demonstrate conclusively that Truman must not be re-elected, it is necessary to prove to the bulk of the American electorate that at least one of these reasons applies to the President. Here is the point that the press, the intelligentsia, and the Republican Party have fumbled consistently. For some inscrutable reason they have assumed that the electorate need only be told and it will act accordingly, without being convinced. This is not merely a false assumption, but one whose falsity has been demonstrated in nine elections, consecutive except for a single break in 1946. In 1932, 1934, 1936, 1938, 1940, 1942, 1944, 1948, and 1949 the voters were told by Very Important Persons — the Republican

Party unanimously, the press practically unanimously, and the intellectuals in large numbers — what to do, and except in 1946 they proceeded to do the opposite.

This may have been unintelligent on the part of the voters, but is it any more intelligent for Very Important Persons to continue to believe that they speak with authority when it has been proved nine times in ten elections that they have no authority? To a neutral bystander it would seem that the intelligent thing to do would be to begin to speak persuasively, rather than authoritatively.

No man ever spoke persuasively, however, unless it appeared that he knew what he was talking about. I submit that, to the average voter, it has not been apparent for seventeen years that the opposition knew what it was talking about. Once, in a moment of confusion and uncertainty — the year 1946, after Roosevelt's death — he assumed that the opposition did know whereof it spake; but the unhappy record of the Eightieth Congress convinced him that it didn't, and his skepticism revived stronger than ever.

It is fairly plain, then, that the rational explanation of what happened in the last Presidential election, the so-called Miracle of 1948, is to be sought, not in the personality of the winner, but in the impossibility of all the losers, Messrs. Dewey, Wallace, and Thurmond.

A candidate is just as vital as the issues he pre-

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sents. Occasionally he can, as the two Roosevelts did, make himself the issue, but as a rule the candidate who presents a dead issue is a dead candidate; his roars may lift the roof off Madison Square Garden, and his war dances may make Fred Astaire look like a petrified man, but for all that he is a dead candidate.

In the campaign of 1948 Mr. Truman discussed for the most part the record of the Eightieth Congress. Whether he discussed it wisely or unwisely may be debatable, but not the fact that he discussed it, nor the fact that it was the record of the Congress then in office. Hence it was indubitably a live issue and made Mr. Truman a live candidate.

Mr. Dewey devoted the major part of his time to calling for American unity, at home and abroad, and the preservation of the American economic system to which he attributed American prosperity. But as far as the average voter could see, America was already fairly united and moderately prosperous, so Mr. Dewey's issues sounded like a rephrasing of Manifest Destiny and the Full Dinner Pail, the issues on which William McKinley beat W. J. Bryan fifty years ago.

Mr. Thurmond took his stand on States' Rights, but he did not give that issue the interpretation put on it by F. D. Roosevelt — that is to say, forty-eight laboratories in which multiple social experiments may be carried on simultaneously — but the interpretation put on it by John C. Calhoun, the touch-me-not interpretation, which may not have died with Calhoun in 1850, but unquestionably blew up at Appomattox Courthouse in 1865.

Mr. Wallace's issue was a Brave New World which may possibly hold the germ of the future, although to the average voter it looked rather more fantastic than Mr. Aldous Huxley's creation. In any event, whatever the thing may be in the future, it has not come to birth as yet.

So — considering candidacies, not personalities — the voter seemed to be presented with a choice among William McKinley, John C. Calhoun, a philosophy still in the embryonic stage, and the Successor to Roosevelt. The Successor ran against two corpses and a fetus. He won; and if there is any miracle in that, then, as Whitman remarked, "a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels."

More than that, a year later he was still winning. In 1949 Truman did with success what Roosevelt had his fingers burned in trying — he intervened in two state elections. In New York he announced that he wanted Lehman, and Lehman went in. In New Jersey he indicated clearly that he did not want Wene, and Wene went out. Wene was a theoretical Democrat, but Mr. Truman has had too much experience with theoretical Democrats from the South and West to desire another of that type. If Mr. Truman scores again in 1950, he will go into the second half of his administration with such a terrific

advantage that Senator Anderson's rash prophecy may begin to look like a mere truism.

2

YET the most pontifical editorial writers in the country, the most eloquent Republican orators in the country, and the ultrasophisticated sophisticates all assure us, in tones now becoming a trifle shrill, that the three fatal objections to re-electing a President are all valid as against Mr. Truman. They tell us that he has made disastrous errors, that far better men are available, and that his political philosophy is poisonously un-American.

That is what they say; but their saying it affords no assurance that these people know a political objection when they see one. They are too certain of the correctness of their own views to imagine that any other view exists; and some of them would march from political catastrophe to political calamity for another seventeen years rather than even examine their postulates.

But there is another point of view. It is that of the man who is not a millionaire publisher, nor a Republican Stalwart, nor a subtle doctor; but a mere citizen with a living to make. The assertion that Truman's errors have been disastrous to the country, he doesn't understand. The country is here, isn't it? It is at technical peace, isn't it? It is relatively prosperous, isn't it? Then where is the disaster?

This kind of voter regards with no emotion all the omens that alarm the more sophisticated. Consider, for example, three that have been widely discussed as unmistakable signs of a disintegrating economy: the disappearance of venture capital, deficit financing, and the impossibility of making those large accumulations that furnish large donations to endow universities, hospitals, and the like.

It is very hard indeed to convince the ordinary man that venture capital has been driven from a market in which General Motors can make profits of 502 millions in nine months, in which Steel's earnings ranged from 24 to 48 per cent during the four quarters of 1948, and in which the most tremendous building boom in history is now raging. Capital that will not venture into that market would not venture into Mohammed's paradise, he feels. Nor has the plain voter any clear idea of the differences between venture capital today and thirty years ago.

Deficit financing we have because (a) we have fought two vast wars in one generation; (b) we are armed to the teeth against a third; (c) the Eightieth Congress reduced taxes against Truman's urgent advice, and the Eighty-first would not reimpose them at his request. The Eightieth Congress was frankly Republican, and the Eighty-first was loaded with pseudo-Democrats who voted Republican in the pinches.

The impossibility of accumulating large fortunes seems to the impecunious observer less an accomplished fact than a goal to be sought. It seems to him that certain people, especially in steel, oil, and aircraft, have managed to get together rather impressive wads quite recently; and he has seen no almshouses crowded with Du Ponts and Rockefellers, or even with Raskobs and Firestones. If a man blessed with normal eyesight has strolled through the swank shopping district of any large American city, he simply will not believe that great wealth no longer exists in America.

Therefore it is safe to say that the arguments about venture capital, deficit financing, and the dissipation of wealth are not political obstacles in the way of Mr. Truman. Huge numbers of voters do not believe the first at all, do not believe that Truman is responsible for the second, and only wish the third were true. In all probability that line of argument hasn't cost him a vote.

Next on the list of reasons for not re-electing a President is the availability of a better man. Mr. Truman's opponents have charged him not only with errors based on policy, but also with errors arising from his own temperament. Since all men are imperfect, this should be an effective attack; but it has not been effective against Mr. Truman, and one reason is that his opponents, instead of emphasizing the things in the record that people dislike, have usually emphasized things that they like, thereby making the opposition, not Mr. Truman, look ridiculous.

Three instances of this mistake come to mind at once. There was the affair of the mission to Moscow of Chief Justice Vinson, shortly before the election of 1948; there is the constant criticism of the caliber of some of the President's familiar friends; and there is the scandalous row among the armed forces. Truman's foes have played these up enthusiastically on the theory that they are damaging; but so far they seem to have done no damage at all.

These foes have not, or cannot, put themselves in the place of the average man in considering such things. Take, for example, the Vinson mission and look at it, not as a diplomatist sees it, but as a farmer, or a filling station proprietor, or a carpenter might be expected to see it. In the first place, Vinson wasn't sent. As soon as Secretary Marshall pointed out the objections the President dropped the idea, and it was only because somebody betrayed a confidence that the hostile press heard of the incident. But as for thinking of sending him, what was wrong with that? The average man believes that the President should consider any project, however fantastic, that may prevent the cold war from turning hot. If it involves sending the Chief Justice abroad, what of it? Send Vinson, send anybody, send the ashman, send Gorgeous Gussie the tennis

player, if it appears that he or she has the faintest chance of bringing home the bacon. That charge backfired in Mr. Truman's favor.

Then there is the charge that the President has a taste for low company that has reduced the intellectual tone of the White House to a deplorable level. At first, this had some effect. People remembered the days of the Ohio Gang, when the White House was infested with such characters as Forbes, Miller, Jess Smith, and Gaston B. Means; and they had no taste for a repeat performance. But even the Truman friends whom the Senate rejected, Pauley and Walgren, couldn't be put in that class; and it soon developed that the five-percenters were not friends of the President, but merely sellers of gold bricks to supposedly smart businessmen. General Vaughan, to be sure, has a genius for making the Administration ridiculous, but there is no evidence that he ever stole anything.

For the rest, suppose Truman has filled the place with Missouri artillerymen, rather than with saints and sages — is that a crime? Not in the eyes of people who would themselves far rather spend an evening playing poker with honest cannoneers than in improving conversation on a loftier plane.

Finally, there is the shocking squabble in the armed forces and the ruthless way that Truman's agents put it down. They handled the Navy roughly. Then the President himself slammed the Air Force by holding out a huge amount of money it had wangled from Congress. No other President in recent years has been so tough with admirals and generals.

But anyone who thinks that this will cause enlisted men to burst into tears simply doesn't know enlisted men and their opinion of the high brass. The majority of the voters are former, actual, or potential enlisted men, so they easily survive the shock of seeing an admiral or general bawled out. Indeed, they cherish a marked admiration for a man with guts enough to do it.

More than that, there is in our people a deep and sound distrust of military men in general. It was when her army and navy escaped from the control of the civilian government that Japan started on the road to ruin. It was uncontrollable Prussian militarism that wrecked imperial Germany. It was the *Grande Armée*, obeying no orders but those of Napoleon, that brought down revolutionary France. It was the Janissaries that converted Turkey into the Sick Man of Europe. It was the Praetorian Guard that put the Roman Empire up at auction. If Toynbee is right, the escape of the military from civilian control has littered history with wrecks of nations all the way back to Assyria.

Well, then, the recent spectacular demonstration that the man in the business suit is still boss in Washington may have worked injustice upon some officers, but it certainly hasn't ruined the man in the business suit politically. On the contrary, it has

given millions of people renewed confidence in the survival of the republic. The President may have been right, or he may have been wrong, but what he did does not prove that he is incapable of exercising the office of Commander-in-Chief. In short, the evidence the opposition has offered to prove Mr. Truman's incapacity has not proved it.

There is still a third reason for dismissing an occupant of the White House: namely, that although he may be skilled in statecraft, and personally acceptable, he is not a fit person for the office if his political philosophy is offensive to the majority.

Nine tenths of the opposition to Mr. Truman is actually based on this objection; but that it is a valid objection is not apparent. Mr. Truman's political philosophy is expressed in the Fair Deal, which is a sort of extrapolation of the New Deal, which, in turn, was advocacy of the welfare state as contrasted with the umpire state. That a preference for the welfare state over the umpire state is offensive to the majority of American voters is certainly not indicated by the trend of events in recent years; hence to cite it as a reason for predicting Mr. Truman's defeat is foolish.

Here, again, the opposition has consistently refused to admit the existence of any point of view other than its own. Its own point of view is that the welfare state is simply a mask for Socialism. But there is another theory — to wit, that the welfare state is, in fact, a modern adaptation of the political philosophy of Alexander Hamilton as expressed in his advocacy of what he called Internal Improvements, which the New Deal translated into the TVA, the CCC, rural electrification, soil conservation, flood control, and a dozen other schemes for preserving and enlarging the patrimony of the nation; and an adaptation of Thomas Jefferson's theory that government is simply an instrument by which the people seek to effect their safety and happiness. Refusal to recognize this point of view has led to such absurdities as the insinuation in the late New York campaign that a Wall Street banker, Lehman, was tainted with Communism. When a party is reduced to such straits that it feels compelled to charge that denizens of Wall Street are Soviet sympathizers, its intellectual bankruptcy becomes pitifully apparent, and even a Truman can defeat it with ridiculous ease.

Obviously, none of this proves that the President's statecraft has been irreproachable, or that his temperament is ideally suited to his great office. No effort is being made here to prove anything of the sort.

Mr. Truman has, in fact, laid himself wide open to attack on half a dozen occasions; but on none of these occasions were his foes in position to deliver an all-out assault on the gap in the defenses. For

instance, when he cut off the Lend-Lease program with an abruptness that was inadvisable and later proved very expensive, the opposition couldn't say much, because it never had been solidly in favor of Lend-Lease. Again, when he partially succumbed to post-war hysteria and ordered the preposterous "loyalty purge," the opposition was hamstrung because a large part of it had been more hysterical than Truman ever was. The most grievous of all his errors was enunciation of the Truman Doctrine that involved us in the Greek adventure and might have brought on far worse evils had it not been partially retrieved by the Marshall Plan; but only Henry Wallace was in position to criticize the Truman Doctrine effectively, and he chose to waste his ammunition on the invulnerable Marshall Plan.

In short, Mr. Truman has enjoyed almost complete immunity from opposition based on appreciation of historical reality and a shrewd estimate of the mind and character of this nation. His political success to date is, therefore, not proof of the excellence of his statecraft, but only of the blindness of his opponents; and he will be in grave danger only when they recover their vision. For he is not guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, but merely of certain omissions, and omissions are hard to use effectively in a campaign.

In 1945 the moral hegemony of the world was within his grasp, but it has slipped from his fingers. In 1945 liberal opinion in this country was marshaled, integrated, and effective; it is splintered now. If Truman had known how to discipline mutinous labor leaders as he has disciplined admirals and generals, he would be invincible; as it is, he is vulnerable, yet everyone knows it is not for lack of will, but lack of strength. He is no James Buchanan, but history may write him down as another James Monroe, who also, you remember, was a terrific political success simply for lack of effective opposition. Truman too has survived, not because he has knocked the opposition cold, but because it has fallen flat on its face.

The President is clearly its superior in one respect. With all his faults, he has at least realized that this is the twentieth century, in which the politics of the nineteenth, not to mention the eighteenth, is obsolete. He has not by any means met all the problems of the day with conspicuous success, but it is certainly those problems that he has set himself to solve, and not the ones that bothered Lord Palmerston and Daniel Webster. Maybe he is not too good — but think of the others! If he has been astonishingly successful to date — and ask Dewey if he hasn't! — perhaps the mystery may be illumined, not by what Hitler loved to call "the leadership principle," but by the far older maxim *unoculus inter caeces*, the incontestable truth that in the realm of the blind a one-eyed man is king.



No comic artist enjoys a more ardent following than AL CAPP has gained with his "Li'l Abner" and the other residents of that mythical area known as Dogpatch. Occasionally Capp erupts into a prose as brawny as his visual technique, and his last book, The Life and Times of the Shmoo, sold into astronomical figures. Since 1934, when his drawings were first syndicated, Comedy has been his medium; with his skill and laughter, he has built up a cheering section of more than forty million, and in 1948 earned the annual Award of the Society of Cartoonists. This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Capp which the Atlantic will publish in 1950.

THE COMEDY OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN

by AL CAPP

1

IT is the ambition of every newspaper cartoonist to get published in something that won't be used to wrap fish in the next morning, and so, the other day, I was writing a book. It was a book about comedy. I came to the part about Charlie Chaplin, remembered some of his gags, and wrote about them. Then, when I read what I had written, I stopped, because I was afraid my memory had been playing tricks on me. Was he that good? I had to know. After some nagging, United Artists arranged a screening for me of the only Chaplin film then available in its New York office. It was *City Lights*. It hadn't been out of the can in years.

In the projection room were about a dozen people: United Artists publicity men and executives (whose idea of escape from the drabness of *their* lives is to not go to the movies), two girls, and a Wife. The girls were a couple of cute secretaries who wandered into the projection room to wait wearily, because they had dates with the executives, and the Wife had suddenly turned up, I rather think, because the excuse of her executive husband that he had to stay late at the office because some cartoonist with influence wanted to see a twenty-year-old movie sounded to her like the kind of lie he might whip up to cover up the fact that he had a date with one of the secretaries.

Nobody in that projection room really wanted to be there except me, and I was pretty uncertain myself. Here I was taking the chance that a second look, after all those years, might prove that Chaplin wasn't such a hell of an artist after all.

Then, at the opening shot, everybody began to laugh. And for an hour and a half we all roared and howled and bellowed with delight, until the final scene. This is when the blind girl, no longer blind, realizes that the miserable little tramp to

whom she is giving a quarter is the dream knight of her blindness; and when the tramp realizes that the masquerade is over and that she knows him as the ludicrous, flea-bitten thing he is, and when his heart is both overflowing with joy that she can see, and breaking with sadness that she can see *him*.

So shattering was the tragedy of those last few minutes that, when the lights went on, none of us in that projection room dared look at the others. While we'd laughed, we had been delighted to laugh openly and in concert, but suddenly (although all through the masterpiece are forebodings of its final tragedy) our hearts had been touched, and we were embarrassed for our tears, and ashamed to look one another in the face. Because in each face was the thing that men are most ashamed for other men to see, and that is self-pity.

Terrible disasters had happened to Chaplin all through the film — and the more terrible they were, the harder we laughed. For we were laughing at him. And then, because he is the most understanding and exquisite of artists, Chaplin's final tragedy became somehow our tragedy. He entered into us. We felt then all he felt, and the pity in us was no longer pity for a thing apart, because that comes out laughter; it was pity for a thing that great art had made a part of ourselves, and we were all embarrassed — each for the others as well as himself — when the lights went on.

Well, I had taken a second look, and I'd found that I was right the first time, only not right enough.

All comedy is based on man's delight in man's inhumanity to man. I know that is so, because I have made forty million people laugh more or less every day for sixteen years, and this has been the basis of all the comedy I have created. I think it is the basis of all comedy.

But I had forgotten, until I saw Chaplin again,

that comedy can become sublime when it makes men sorrow at man's inhumanity to man by making men pity themselves.

When the history of art in our time is written, and when the ideological passions of our time are laughable curios, the great artist that our time has produced will be recognized as Charlie Chaplin.

Just as Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was, at first, regarded as a good job done by a well-known entertainer who had done other good jobs; and was applauded, forgotten, and then looked at again by another generation (whose added respect this entertainer had earned by now being dead), and only then discovered to be a job so very good, indeed, that it was better than any other job ever done — so will Chaplin's *City Lights* take its place among those works of art that men cherish and revere and use as proof that they are not animals, but have in them a touch of divinity, since one of their kind created this.

City Lights was released in 1929. It was a great success, it made a lot of money, everyone saw it — and then it was forgotten. Because, after all, it was merely a movie, and we all know that a work of art can endure only if it is done on canvas or printed on a page, because those are the traditional, respectable materials of art, and a can of film is not.

2

FOR anyone whose profession is to be visual comedy, it is as necessary to study the work of Charlie Chaplin as it is for the engineer to study mathematics. It is a crime that our libraries and schools don't have permanent examples of his work, as they do of the work of Michelangelo and Mozart. They should be available to students not only of visual comedy but of fine arts, sociology, history, ballet, drama and composition, as are all masterworks.

In the Chaplin films you will find thousands of miraculously funny gags (and no matter how much they've been copied, his originals have still a pure, bright freshness). You will find scores of unique characters, each warmly funny because, no matter how wildly they're drawn, they're based on real, instantly recognizable types. You'll find a treasure-trove of hilarious and intricate comedy situations — you'll find everything that comedy is made of. But the most important thing you'll find is this: that for all his dazzling succession of gags, characters, and situations, Charlie Chaplin told again and again, with infinite variation, one story — the story of man's inhumanity to man. And that is a very funny story.

You say you remember the Chaplin pictures and they were all about pie-throwing, cop-being-chased-by, and the horribly efficient machines that fed miserable helpless factory workers automatically, so they wouldn't have to stop using their hands to work? Well, analyze any Chaplin picture,

any Chaplin gag. For instance, an old classic called *The Pilgrim*.

The title itself is a comment on the cruel foolishness of a familiar kind of American thinking. With us that word "Pilgrim" has come to exude a certain rich, ripe, aristocratic air. To be descended from "the Pilgrims" means you are, somehow, a better, a realer, a little more than merely 100 per cent American. It means to some people (and you'll find 'em in Congress and on committees to "protect" and "preserve", their own idea of "real" Americanism) that they have a right to be stuffy and irritated about the coming to this country of the ragtag and refuse of Europe and Asia. Some Americans feel that, because they are descended from the Pilgrims, they are our aristocracy, and hence have a right to yammer and complain about other pilgrims.

So Chaplin, who told in his picture the story of a boatload of frightened, starving, sniveling, dirty, depressed D.P.'s of twenty years ago, called the most miserable of 'em all — the character he played — "The Pilgrim" to remind us gently that those who rant and rave against the coming to America of today's D.P.'s are the children of precisely the same kind of D.P.'s of another day. The title itself is a reminder to man that his inhumanity to his fellow man is one of the most ridiculous things about him.

One of the first scenes of this comedy classic is a delicious example of Chaplin's carrying of man's inhumanity to man to its ultimate absurdity — namely, the inhumanity of men *other men* have been inhuman to.

The refugees travel steerage of course. They are given one meal a day; one bowl of slops. But not quite one bowl, because at mealtime, while there are *two* rows of refugees seated, facing each other across the table, there is only *one* row of bowls. Which row of refugees gets a chance at the slops depends on which way the boat rolls, because, while the poor starving wretches must remain seated where they are, drooling and clutching their spoons, the slop bowls slither from one side to the other with the crazy rhythm of the boat.

And for twenty years, audiences have been laughing their heads off at this scene.

Why?

It is because we are eternally delighted at the inhumanity of man to man.

First, at the colossal evil of the shipowners who have devised such a simple and satanic scheme to degrade and cheat their most helpless guests. And second, at the crookedness of the helpless themselves, as they, in turn, devise little ways to cheat each other out of a morsel of slops here, a morsel there.

And the fact that countless audiences of normal, decent human beings have screamed with happy, carefree laughter at this almost unbearably heart-

rending scene is a further and highly helpful example of real man's inhumanity to cinema man.

3

NEXT to Death, man's greatest fear is Hunger. Yet Chaplin has made us laugh at *his* hunger. In *The Tramp* we first see him a starving bum, looking hungrily into the window of a cheap restaurant, watching a fat man being served a huge steak. The starving, fascinated bum drools.

Now right here is where everybody in the audience begins to grin. Chaplin's starvation gives us a nice, warm feeling. We feel nice and warm because, unlike that poor soul, we know *we're* going to eat after the show. His misery emphasizes our security. And thinking of our security makes us feel good, so we grin. Not starving is a nice thing. And nice things make us grin.

On with the story. The fat man cuts the steak with a flourish and lifts a juicy morsel to his mouth. The fascinated bum unconsciously mimics every move. He's lost in a dream world of steak. The fat man tentatively munches the morsel, the bum munches his dream morsel; he is floating in ecstasy until he sees that the fat man has suddenly stopped munching and is looking indignant. The bum instantly stops munching too, and he looks indignant, although *he* doesn't know what the hell they're both so indignant about. The fat man roars to the waiter that his steak is too rare, and orders him to take it back. The fat man is the second most furious person in the scene. The first most furious is the bum. You see, he was having a wonderful time with that dream steak until the fat man ordered it taken away. The fat man will get his real steak back. The bum won't ever again get his dream steak. His dream has been shattered. And we sit there, watching this pitiful scene, and roar with laughter.

We didn't laugh because we were heartless wretches. We laughed because we are normal human beings, full of self-doubt, full of vague feelings of inferiority, full of a desperate need to be reassured. Somehow that whole scene made us feel superior. First, no matter how badly off any one of us was, we were all in better shape than that bum. The fact that we'd had enough spare cash to buy a ticket to that movie made us superior to him. That was the first thing that made us feel good. Next, we saw him starving. That wasn't going to happen to us — another reason for feeling superior, better off at least than one person.

As the scene continued, it gave us a feeling of emotional and intellectual superiority. That was when the bum, so immersed in the sight of the fat man cutting the steak, began to imagine that *he* had a steak. He had been happy munching his dream steak. He had become wildly, luxuriously lost in his dream. He didn't know that he was,

inevitably, due for a terrible shock when he realized that the steak wasn't real. But we did. We were way ahead of him. We had the inside dope and we delightedly anticipated his hideous disappointment when he found out something *we'd* known all along. We laughed because we were smarter than he was. We laughed because we were pleased with this tiny reassurance of our own superiority.

A millionaire passes in a limousine. He looks at a silver dollar dubiously — he bites it. It bends slightly. He grimaces. It's a counterfeit. He throws it out into the gutter. The bum finds it. Delirious with joy, he rushes into the tough restaurant and, drunk with power, orders a plate of beans.

And the people laugh.

Why?

Because we're smarter than he is and that makes us feel good. We know plenty that he doesn't know. He thinks he's rich. We know he isn't. He thinks he's going to have a fine time. We know better.

The bum devours his first plate of beans and orders another. All the time, he lovingly fingers his silver dollar, he polishes it on his sleeve, he kisses it. He trusts that silver dollar — it gives him confidence, security, dignity; it gives him a place in the world. It even gives him the right to be nasty to the ape-waiter, whose fatness he had been admiring just a moment ago, before the silver dollar.

Now the ape-waiter pretends to admire *him!* The silver dollar has changed everything. The waiter hopes to get the change from it as a tip.

We laugh because we know the bum is going to get a beating from the waiter when he finds out, and although we're sorry for the bum, we're going to enjoy the beating.

Well, Chaplin finds out before the waiter does. While the ape is off to bring him his third plate of beans, he drops the silver dollar. It doesn't ring true. It makes a dull, lead-like thud. Sweating, he bites it. It bends, horribly. It's a phony. The world comes crashing down around the bum's head.

We laugh — we smell blood.

The waiter brings his third plate of beans and indicates that his working day is up. He'd like Chaplin to hurry through this, pay for it, tip him, and let him go home. Chaplin miserably giggles that of course he'll hurry. He wouldn't dream of keeping him waiting. He indicates that he too is a man of affairs, and can't afford to linger over a mere plate of beans. His assurances are elaborate and verbose, and take up a lot of time. That's what the poor wretch wants to do — take up a lot of time before the inescapable revelation comes and he is beaten to a pulp.

We laugh at Chaplin's pitiful, transparent lies. He hopes to avert the massacre, but we know he can't. Sitting there in the theater, we are all gods

on Olympus, watching an inferior being trying to escape the destiny we, in our omniscience, know must be his. Gosh, we feel good, even the most miserable of us.

As the waiter cuts off Chaplin's long-winded explanation of how fast he'll eat the beans, and tells him to get on with it, the fat man (the one who likes his steak well done) is whizzed by the table, being beaten to a bloody pulp by a dozen ape-waiters. Chaplin's own ape-waiter explains this: "He was," he tells him, "a nickel short."

The audience screams with joy.

The poor bum knows now that, if he ever finishes that plate of beans, his fate will be a thousandfold bloodier. Studiously averting the waiter's impatient eye, he makes an elaborate and pitiful ceremony of each bean. First he carefully selects one, after much thought (a lovely bit, because no two things look more alike, or taste more alike, or have less individual personality, than beans from the same plate). Having thoughtfully selected from the thousand the one bean which at that moment seemed most to suit his mood, he doesn't eat it. He peels it. He slices it. He seasons each half of each bean. He tastes one half, puts it back, tastes the other. He thinks about the taste, as a gourmet would ponder over rare wines.

And we laugh because we know how futile it all is — we know how sick he feels inside, how terrified he is, how hopeless he is — and so, naturally, we feel great.

Chaplin, more than any other comic of our time, understood his fellow man's pitiful and cruel mixture of insecurity and inhumanity.

A few years ago, Chaplin was shown around a great automobile factory. Its owners were mighty proud of their new gadgets. They were proud because their new gadgets were time-saving. Chaplin was horrified because they were also man-killing.

The superiority of gadget to man, the slavery of man to gadget, was to him a hilarious perversion of the only sane reason for the gadget — namely, to make man's life easier.

So Chaplin made a picture called *Modern Times*. In it he played a harassed little worker in a gigantic factory. Because this worker had become part of the gadget he operated, he had become utterly dehumanized. He moved jerkily, in complete coordination with the time-saving gadget, instead of gracefully and inefficiently like one of those time-wasting human beings; he ate when the gadget fed him and not simply when he was hungry, like a sloppy and unreliable man; he didn't waste time thinking — the gadget worked perfectly, so that wasn't necessary. There was one thing, however, that the gadget couldn't do — it couldn't go to the toilet for him.

This was very humiliating to his boss, and it worried that good man considerably — but in the

toilet he had another gadget. When Chaplin had been there long enough (according to scientific schedules, time-charts, and Gallup polls), a vast face of his boss appeared on a screen above the bowl and told him to stop fooling around and get the hell back to work.

Well, people howled at *Modern Times*, and industry howled at Chaplin. It was un-American, said they, to make people laugh at the inhumanity of gadget to man. Gadgets, they claimed, were a blessing to man. It had been okay for the comic to make people laugh at a vaguely inhuman Society that generally kicked 'em around, but it was unfair, and unsporting really, to make people laugh at a specific system of dignified industrial "efficiency" that robbed them of their dignity as human beings.

4

IN practicing the art of love, men endure their most terrible confusions, miseries, and disasters. No matter how great and certain a man may have become in every other area of his life, in courtship (trying to convince a certain sweet someone that you are the sweetest someone ever produced by a certain other sex) all men are unsure, fumbling, and feel rotten most of the time.

No confused, despondent lover ever saw a Chaplin picture who didn't come away feeling considerably cheered up. Cheered up because, no matter how inept in his love-making he had been, he had seen someone even more inept; no matter that the fair object of his affections had been unresponsive, the girl Chaplin courted had been downright contemptuous. Chaplin understood that the surest way to delight a world of lovers who suffered because they weren't loved enough was to show them a lover who wasn't loved at all.

There was always a beautiful girl in the Chaplin pictures. And the only reason she had anything to do with Chaplin was that nobody else wanted her because of some terrible handicap — terrible to everyone except Chaplin, who was grateful for any attention from any girl, no matter what was wrong with her, just as long as she was recognizably a girl and recognizably alive. The instant, however, the girl was all right again, she would inevitably abandon Chaplin.

The utter defeat of Chaplin as a lover made our own unsatisfactory romances seem much less humiliating. Nothing that ever happened to any of us could possibly be as disappointing as what always happened to him.

At least, if we had been spurned by a Beloved, there was something left. Hope. Hope that another, less ambitiously selected or more wisely courted, Beloved would accept us. *We* had a chance. Not Chaplin. Nobody wanted him. Nobody ever would.

We laughed at Chaplin's romances because no

matter how often we had been licked, we could get started again and it *might* come out good; and because, on the other hand (and a comforting thing it was for us to realize), no matter *how* often he started again, it couldn't come out anything but bad, because he was licked before he started.

We knew that once the lame girl who looked fondly up at him from her wheelchair could walk, she'd walk away from him. We knew that the starving dance-hall blowzer who had agreed to come to his little cabin for dinner would forget him and that date the minute anyone in the saloon offered to feed her there, because what she was interested in wasn't romance — it was fast chow. We knew that the blind girl was sweet to him only because she couldn't see him, and that the instant she could, she'd laugh her pretty head off at him.

We felt fine watching Chaplin's courtships because he gave us a couple of things that make men feel fine. Omniscience; *we* knew something the poor little bum didn't know — that he didn't have a chance. We knew something that would have crushed his hopeful heart if he were as wise as his art had made us; we knew his desperate, eager efforts were all in vain. We knew that no girl would ever want him, and that emphasized the fact that some girl would or did want us, and that gave us the other thing that makes men feel fine, security.

In my own work — this is a footnote — I have tried to make cheerier a world of disappointed lovers. No lover is ever anything but disappointed, since the greatest of all disappointments is the final triumphant possession of the love one has dreamt of having. It's never as wonderful as your dreams of it, because there are no limits to wonderfulness in dreaming. I try to make a disappointed lover feel better by having "Li'l Abner" never know what to do about a succession of eager, luscious girls who throw their juicy selves at him. "Li'l Abner" doesn't know what to do, and so he does nothing. And that makes every male who reads "Li'l Abner" feel fine. Because *he* would know what to do. No matter how fumbling or stupid he has been, compared with "Li'l Abner" he's Don Juan. It makes him feel fine to be Don Juan. So he feels fine about "Li'l Abner."

The more secure a man feels, the more ready he is to laugh. So Chaplin — the instant he appeared — gave us all a feeling of security. Certainly none of us, no matter how badly off we were, were as badly off as this bundle of rags.

Let's go back to the picture I began with, *City Lights*. In it Chaplin, homeless, penniless, nervous about cops, meets a very rich man. We know that he has millions, not because he wears a silk hat and white tie well, but because he wears them badly and sloppily. This guy is so rich that he is contemptuous of attire that would overawe a less rich man.

Also he is very drunk. He is so drunk that he does not cringe from Chaplin in distaste. He embraces Chaplin. He tells the little bum that he loves him and is going to show him a good time. Chaplin is deliriously happy and so we laugh at him.

We know that the rich man, once he sobers up, will loathe the pitiful little bum. We know that Chaplin's security isn't going to last, and ours to a degree is. Chaplin is at the mercy of a rich drunk's whim. If things go badly — that is, if the drunk sobers up — Chaplin will have nothing. We are better off than somebody. We are such a hell of a lot better off than he is that he has made us feel secure and protected and we laugh.

Arm in arm, the slobbering millionaire and the little bum wander off in search of food and fun. After a night of wild, expensive revelry, arm in arm they lurch back to the millionaire's town house. The butler, a man of aristocratic impulses although a servant, wants to beat up the tramp and toss him back into the gutter. But the millionaire still loves him. The bum is his li'l pal. He is to be given everything in the house.

Chaplin takes on airs and graces. He orders the butler around. He snaps his fingers in his face. The butler grinds his teeth and waits. He knows that his master will be sober in the morning. He knows that in the morning his master will see the bum as clearly as he does. He knows that the bum will get his, and we know it, but the bum doesn't.

The millionaire wakes up. He is terribly sober. He sees the bum sleeping next to him. He calls the butler in and asks who it is. Brutally aroused, the bewildered bum pleads with the millionaire to remember their everlasting, to-the-death friendship of only a few short hours before. The millionaire looks at him coldly, uncomprehendingly, and with distaste. He orders the butler to throw him out.

Disillusioned and embittered, the little bum resumes his miserable existence. Months pass. One night a figure in top hat and tails lurches out of a gaudy café and throws his arms around him. It is the millionaire again. Again he is plastered, and again he loves the little bum, with a passion that knows no bounds. He weeps that their friendship is everlasting, that he will fight for him to the death, that everything he has is his, and he wants to give him a big party. At first the little bum is suspicious. He has been fooled before. But as the millionaire continues to slobber over him, that old look of love and trust comes back into the bum's eyes. And this is where we laugh loudest. The little bum is such a sucker. We would know enough, even the dumbest of us, never again to trust that man. But Chaplin isn't smart. He isn't even as smart as we are. We feel fine.

And that's what a comedian is for, isn't he? To make people feel fine?



A Baltimorean who graduated from the United States Naval Academy and who subsequently saw service aboard our destroyers and battleships, HANSON W. BALDWIN has been the military editor of the New York Times since 1942, in which year his articles earned him the Pulitzer Prize. In this and his article in the January Atlantic he has added up the most costly mistakes which we made in the Second World War; they all stem from our misjudgment of the Russians and the Japanese.

OUR WORST BLUNDERS IN THE WAR

Japan and the Russians

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

I

THE great American military mistakes of the war, which may be said to have cost us the peace, were all part and parcel of our political immaturity. We fought to win, period. We gave far too little thought to the victory of the peace.

In the war against Germany, some of our outstanding politico-strategic mistakes — from the point of view of winning the peace — were our failure to invade the Balkans, unconditional surrender, and the errors which led to the loss of Central Europe, which were described in my previous article. But the war against Germany had no monopoly of errors. We erred also in the Pacific; we won the war against Japan, but who will say — against the background of the Orient of today — that we won the peace?

The political mistakes made in the war against Japan were several and major; this discussion is not a catalogue of them all, but merely a notation on a few of them.

MACARTHUR AND THE PHILIPPINES — ORIGINS OF SERVICE JEALOUSIES. The defense of the Philippines was an epic of stouthearted suffering, but it was marred by differences, frictions, and discords — and high-level errors — which influenced the course of the war in the Pacific. MacArthur, who created around himself the legend of a military demigod, was the focus of many of these troubles.

Out of the first Philippine campaign, for instance, stemmed some of the friction and much of the trouble which later divided the Army and Navy in the Pacific. The origin of this friction predates the war; MacArthur and the stiff-necked old sea dog then commanding our Asiatic Fleet, Admiral Thomas C. Hart, did not “get along.” This feeling was transmitted to subordinates and pervaded, before long, the two commands.

The situation was worsened by the successful Japanese attack, *nine hours after the assault upon Pearl Harbor*, on our grounded bombers at Clark airfield. In the aftermath of recriminations, published since the war, the Air Force inferentially has blamed the Army, the Army the Air Force, for this debacle.

It is clear that there were misconceptions on both sides; as former Secretary of War Stimson points out in his book *On Active Service*, “it was quickly apparent that the hopes of the previous autumn could not be realized; there would be no successful defense of the Philippines by air power. The preparations had not been completed; the Japanese were too strong; most important of all, there had been no adequate realization of the degree to which air power is dependent on other things than unsupported airplanes. . . . Thus the defense of the Philippines became once more the desperate and losing struggle which had been forecast in the planning of earlier years.”

This misconception, a serious one, was never completely shared by the Navy, which had not believed the “hopes of the previous autumn” possible of fulfillment without absolute control of the sea and the supply lines to the Philippines — something we could not ensure even before Pearl Harbor. Our underestimation of the Japanese, which stemmed from the highest quarters, was major.

At a background secret press conference in the War Department seven Washington correspondents were told by a top-ranking Army official on November 15, 1941, that we were on the brink of war with Japan, that our position was *highly favorable* in that our strength in the Philippines was far larger than the Japanese imagined, and that we were preparing not only to defend the Philippines

but to conduct an aerial offensive from those islands against Japan. We had, the War Department authority said, *thirty-five Flying Fortresses in the Philippines — the greatest concentration of heavy bomber strength anywhere in the world.* More planes were being sent; so were tanks and guns; the Philippines were being reinforced daily. If war did start, the B-17's would be dispatched immediately to set the "paper" cities of Japan on fire and to attack the enemy's naval bases. The B-17's, he admitted, did not have quite enough range to make the round trip from the Philippines to Japan; but they could continue to Vladivostok, said the Army official optimistically, and if we got into war we would expect to have such an arrangement with the Russians. (Even before war we thus incorrectly assessed Russia's willingness to cooperate.) The new B-24's would soon be coming off the production lines, the correspondents were told, and the Japanese had no pursuit planes that could reach these high-flying bombers! By about December 15 the War Department would feel rather secure in the Philippines. Flying weather over Japan was propitious; our high-flying bombers could quickly wreak havoc. If a Pacific war started, there would not be much need for our Navy; the U.S. bombers could do the trick virtually singlehanded — or, to paraphrase the spokesman's words, "without the use of our shipping"! (Exclamation points and italics mine.) Our Pacific Fleet would stay out of range of Japanese air power in Hawaii.

This catalogue of profound error not only shows how bemused our top strategists had become with the enthusiastic but misguided tenets of the apostles of air power, but it demonstrates graphically how little we really knew about Japan and Japanese strength.

It also points to a dangerous dichotomy in our strategy. Admiral King, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Fleet, has said that in January, February, and March, 1941, almost a year before we entered the war, "staff conversations between representatives of the Army and Navy of Great Britain and the United States took place in Washington." "Rainbow Five," the basic war plan of the United States, was the ultimate result, and it was "completed not long before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in December, 1941."

Rainbow Five specifically stated that "if Japan does enter the war, the military strategy in the Far East will be defensive," and added that "the United States does not intend to add to its present military strength" in the area. A later revision (November, 1941) provided for "offensive air operations in furtherance of the strategic defensive. . . ."

Thus, in the fall of 1941, at the very time Rainbow Five was being completed, Army and Air Force leaders were talking — in Washington — in terms of an air offensive against Japan, based on the Philippines. Troops, planes, tanks, and guns were

being rushed to the Philippines and the Western Pacific in a belated reversal of prior planning, and a mistaken confidence in the defensibility of the Philippines mounted.

2

THESE last-minute drastic revisions in our Philippine strategic concepts were in part due to the influence in Washington of the air power enthusiasts, and in part to MacArthur, whose pre-war estimates of his ability to defend the Philippines were wildly over-optimistic. MacArthur put a ridiculously high value — as records in future volumes of the Army's official history will show — on the Philippine motor torpedo boat "navy" with which he hoped to repel Japanese landing attempts. There were only about two Philippine MTB's available when war started, and they played a negative role. MacArthur's pre-war assessment of the combat value of the Philippine Army, composed largely of five-and-a-half-month drafted men, was far higher than was warranted, and his mobilization and training schedule apparently was predicated upon a belief that hostilities probably would not start until April 1, 1942. Moreover, he seemed to feel that the "alert" message sent to him about November 27, 1941, by the War Department, which indicated war was coming and that the first overt act should be committed by Japan, compelled him to await attack *in the Philippines* (despite the prior attack on Pearl Harbor) before he could undertake the offensive action contemplated by the late revision of Rainbow Five.

The Navy, in common with the Army and Air Force, did not anticipate "the rapidity and strength" of the Japanese offensive, yet the Navy never believed the defense of the Philippines possible with the forces then available, or soon to be available, and throughout the war the Navy — personified by that stubborn, crusty seaman Admiral Ernest J. King — pressed continuously, usually against some opposition of the Army (which was focusing its attention primarily upon Europe), for greater strength in the Pacific.

The history of those days clearly reveals that there need not have been, despite these dangerous divisions and basic misconceptions, such rapid destruction of our Philippine bombing squadrons.

The Air Force in the Philippines had planned, if war came, to utilize its bombers initially in reconnoitering and attacking Japanese bases in Formosa. At least twice on the morning of December 8 (December 7 Pearl Harbor time) it requested MacArthur's permission, through his chief of staff, aggressive, egotistic, but able Major General Richard K. Sutherland, to launch the attack. Had permission been given, no great results could have been anticipated; our strength was too small, our inexperience considerable, and we possessed little

accurate information about target objectives. In other words, the Air Force planning lacked comprehensiveness.

But it would have been far better to utilize our bombers in an offensive mission than to allow them to be caught, like sitting ducks, in a "strictly defensive" attitude on the ground. MacArthur has never made a complete explanation about this defeat, but he has stated that no recommendation from Lieutenant General (then Major General) L. H. Brereton, who was at that time our air commander in the Philippines, to bomb Formosa ever was received, and that he knew "nothing of such a recommendation having been made." General MacArthur added — a strange comment for a commander who knew that the best defense was attack — that "the overall strategic mission of the Philippine command was to defend the Philippines, not to initiate an outside [*sic*] attack." He continued: "Our air forces in the Philippines were hardly more than a token force . . . hopelessly outnumbered . . . never had a chance of winning. The date of April 1 . . . was the earliest possible date for the arrival of the necessary reinforcements which would make a successful defense of the Philippines possible."

(These statements stand in strong contrast to the optimistic pre-war reports of General MacArthur and indicate a change of opinion on his part after hostilities commenced.)

General Sutherland, who took much upon himself, may have taken the responsibility of refusing permission for the Formosa raid (though he blames Brereton); but even so, MacArthur has revealed since the war that such a request, had it reached him, probably would have received short shrift. An attack on Formosa with the small American force available would have had little chance of success, he said.

The post-war statements by General MacArthur reveal either a considerable gulf between the War Department's concept of Far East strategy, as evidenced in the press conference of November 15, and MacArthur's defensive concept of that time, or — more likely — a change of mind on MacArthur's part since the war.

MacArthur's then dual status as Field Marshal in the Philippine Army and general in the American Army; his belief — a mistaken one as the war showed — that the Philippines could, in large measure, provide their own defense; and the American commitment to Philippine independence seem to have influenced his judgment. Faced with an actual act of war — the Japanese attack upon Pearl Harbor some hours previously — he hesitated, apparently, to undertake offensive action while awaiting either an enemy overt act against the Philippines or formalization of hostilities by actual declaration.

This compounded friction; to the Army-Navy

difficulties was now added friction with the Air Force.

These difficulties grew — as indeed they were bound to in any losing action — during the Bataan fighting and the siege of Corregidor.

MacArthur's communiqués bore so little resemblance to actual events that when the gist of them, cast in a cheerful mood of utter unreality, was broadcast, via U.S. radio, to our suffering troops on Bataan, they aroused actual resentment. This error was worsened on January 15 when, in a personal message from MacArthur, his troops were told that "help is on the way from the United States. Thousands of troops and hundreds of planes are being dispatched. The exact time of arrival of reinforcements is unknown. . . ." Hopes of some were raised briefly by this utterly fantastic order, but it was an ultimate depressant, for its promises could never be kept.

MacArthur's own example did little to inspire his men. He rarely visited Bataan; it was on Corregidor that he got the name "Dugout Doug." This appellation — an utterly unfair one in which the Navy delighted — cast unwarranted reflections on MacArthur's personal courage, which is outstanding. Time and again in two World Wars, MacArthur has demonstrated a calm and outstanding bravery. The fact remains that on the Philippines he was aloof from his troops and rarely left "the Rock"; not until months later in New Guinea — when his staff began to note the need for such visits — did he commence to "circulate" among his troops.

Contrary to the instructions previously issued to his subordinates, MacArthur had kept his family in Manila when all other service families had been ordered home; Mrs. MacArthur, his son, and his son's nurse were with the General on Corregidor and took the place of men who might have escaped when the General, on orders from Washington, left "the Rock" on March 11. During his stay on Corregidor, MacArthur left many details to General Sutherland, and there was, among the Marines who served on Corregidor and Bataan, a well-confirmed suspicion that the high command did not like Marines. For weeks there was no mention of the Marines in communiqués or press releases; finally, when a radio from Corregidor casually named them, the Navy Department had to assure the people of the United States that the Fourth Regiment of Marines had been in the Philippines all along, and that this belated mention did not mean the Fleet had broken through the Japanese blockade and landed reinforcements.

Two days before MacArthur left for Australia, the general recommended *all* units on Bataan and Corregidor, *with the exception of Marine and naval units*, for unit citations. Sutherland let it be known that this was no oversight; the Marines had got their share of glory in World War I, and they

weren't going to get any in this one! Wainwright, who succeeded MacArthur in command, rectified this egregious error as soon as he took over, but the damage had been done; fuel was added to the fire of Army-Navy friction, and the MacArthur mistakes of the first Philippine campaign — mistakes of personality and judgment — overshadowed the relationships between the services throughout the rest of the war.

But the most amazing and the least understandable of MacArthur's Philippine actions was his tacit approval of a proposal by President Quezon on February 8, 1942, that the Philippines, in the words of Secretary of War Stimson, "receive immediate and unconditional independence from the United States, and that they be forthwith neutralized by agreement between Japan and the United States; all troops were to be withdrawn and the Philippine Army disbanded." The message from Quezon to President Roosevelt railed against the United States for its failure to reinforce the Philippines, "in terms as unfair as they were wholly understandable." What was not understandable was the tacit approval of MacArthur, demigod in his own image, hero of Bataan in the eyes of the world. MacArthur radioed the President that "so far as the military angle is concerned, the problem presents itself as to whether the plan of President Quezon might offer the best possible solution of what is about to be a disastrous debacle." (This just twenty-four days after promising his men that thousands of reinforcements and hundreds of planes were on the way.)

MacArthur saw advantages, regardless of whether or not the Japanese accepted the plan; he failed to understand the terrible damage that would have been done, not alone to his own reputation, but above all to American arms and the American purpose, by the public broaching of such a suggestion. Bataan, in those days and in those times, had become the symbol of that purpose; amidst defeat we sought heroes and found them in the battered "bastards of Bataan." With one stroke of a pen MacArthur would have wrecked all this forever, and would have left a people confused, bewildered, and resentful about what undoubtedly would have meant a "moral abdication." Such would have been the psychological consequences of any such act.

The proposal in any case was so utterly unrealistic — depending as it did upon Japanese stupidity or Japanese benevolence, neither a noted enemy characteristic — as to be absurd. Fortunately, wiser heads in Washington rejected emphatically this suggestion and directed that "American forces will continue to keep our flag flying in the Philippines so long as there remains any possibility of resistance."

The first Philippine campaign was not, therefore, solely an epic of tragic glory; feuds and frictions and

mistakes left behind an aftermath of bitterness and recrimination that persisted throughout the Pacific War.

3

APPEASEMENT IN ASIA. Perhaps the saddest chapter in the long history of political futility which the war recorded was the Yalta conference of February, 1945. As former Secretary of War Stimson writes, "much of the policy of the United States toward Russia, from Teheran to Potsdam, was dominated by the eagerness of the Americans to secure a firm Russian commitment to enter the Pacific war." This "eagerness" was first manifest at Teheran when Russia's need for warm-water ports was discussed and Roosevelt suggested the establishment of Dairen in Manchuria as an international free port. It reached its crescendo at Yalta, where we attempted to pin down prior elusive Soviet promises to take up arms against Japan. The negotiations about future action against the Japanese were interspersed with discussions of the peace settlement and the German question in Europe, and their political implications were made secondary to the President's prime objective at Yalta — "the brave new world," the establishment of the basic framework of the United Nations.

For all these reasons and because of a fundamental military as well as political misconception, Russia held the whip hand and U.S. representatives placed themselves in the amazing position of "giving away" territories which did not belong to us, and of undertaking to secure concessions which impaired the sovereignty of a friendly allied state. The political misconception, so obvious now, should have been apparent then; it was not to our interest, or the interests of China or of the world, to make Russia a Pacific power; it was not to our interest to beg or barter for Russia's entry into the Pacific War.

Nor should military considerations have affected this political judgment. At the time of Yalta, Japan was already beaten — not by the atomic bomb, which had not yet been perfected, not by conventional bombing, then just starting, but by attrition and blockade. The home islands were severed from the empire by our conquest of the Philippines and the Marianas, and the submarine and surface blockade already had brought the pinch of hunger and the stress of severe raw material shortages to Japan. Even before the first bomb was dropped by our B-29's on the Japanese home islands, the enemy aircraft industry was disrupted and on the decline; shortages due to the blockade and a chaotic program of decentralization, dispersion, and underground development, badly carried out, already had reduced severely the output of Japanese factories.

The full seriousness of the Japanese plight was not then, of course, completely understood; our military men were preoccupied and concerned with

the fierceness of the Japanese defense; the tactical situation obscured the hopeless strategic position of Japan, and some of our commanders took, therefore, far too pessimistic a view. Mistakes in intelligence, or rather in evaluation, also contributed to an erroneous assessment of Japanese intentions and capabilities. We feared that even after the main Japanese islands had been conquered the enemy resistance would continue on the continent of Asia with the much vaunted Kwantung Manchurian Army as its core. Yet our intelligence officers throughout the Pacific for months had been identifying units of the Kwantung Army and of its air support which had been transferred from that quiet area to various battle sectors.

Prior to the conference at Yalta, an intelligence estimate of the Japanese strength had been furnished to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. This estimate, which served as the basis of their judgments at Yalta, was extremely pessimistic; it estimated that there were at least 700,000 men in the Kwantung Army and that they were first-rate troops well trained and well armed. Without Russian assistance, it was estimated, the Japanese might be able to prolong the war on the Asiatic mainland (even after the main islands of Japan had been conquered) until the fall of 1946 or even until 1947 or 1948. Other intelligence estimates, notably a far more optimistic one prepared by different authors in the intelligence section of the War Department General Staff, and one naval estimate challenged this viewpoint. So did two intelligence papers which were prepared for the Combined Chiefs of Staff (Anglo-American) in September, 1944, and January, 1945. These papers stated that Japan's shipping and her naval and air forces had been broken, and their whole tone seemed to show (though they did not explicitly so state) that Japan was on her last legs. But the best available information indicates that the more realistic estimates never reached Joint Chiefs of Staff level, although Admiral William D. Leahy, the Presidential chief of staff, may have seen the naval estimate.

After the Yalta conference had convened, still another intelligence estimate, prepared by the Twentieth Air Force, was sent to Yalta. It took the view that the bombardment and blockade of the Japanese main islands had had serious effect and that Japanese resistance was rapidly weakening. This, too, never reached the highest echelons. Thus, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who gave Roosevelt the military advice upon which his political decisions were (in part) based, seem to have framed their own judgments at Yalta on the basis of a faulty intelligence estimate.

General Marshall was then convinced that an invasion of the Japanese main islands was essential and he insisted that help from Russia on the mainland of Asia was necessary. There were divergences of opinion as to the necessity of this operation; Ad-

miral Leahy, who feared the cost in casualties of invasion and who correctly assessed the crippling effect of the blockade upon Japan, opposed the invasion. The compromise eventually reached — a sensible one — was to prepare for invasion, but in the meantime to utilize the blockade and air bombardment to the utmost to bring Japan to her knees.

These strategic differences — and a failure to appreciate fully the hopeless strategical position of Japan — colored the military thinking at Yalta and helped to lead to indefensible political arrangements. "Certainly," as the *Washington Post* commented, "the Chiefs of Staff made a blunder to advise Roosevelt and Churchill at Yalta that Japan would last 18 months after VE day. Our military men underrated Japan at the beginning of the war, then overrated it, and refused to see the patent fact, obvious to the Navy, that Japan was through even while the brass hats were meeting at Yalta."

Yet at Yalta, and even at the Potsdam conference in July, 1945, when Hitler lay dead and dishonored near the ruins of his bunker in Berlin and the Third Reich was broken and shattered — even at Potsdam, one month before the surrender of Japan, there were still many Americans who were interested primarily in getting a firm commitment from Russia to enter the Pacific War.

As Major General John R. Deane points out in his book *The Strange Alliance*, our planners were obsessed with two ideas: to bring Russia into the Pacific War, and to utilize Russian territory as bases for our war effort against Japan. Repeatedly, General Deane and other U.S. representatives had pressed Soviet leaders, long before Yalta, for permission to utilize Russian territory as air bases for our attacks upon Japan. *Yet the cart was put before the horse; we made diplomatic representations for this permission before we had estimated — logistically — the value of such bases to us.*

4

OUR attempts to get firm Soviet commitments about the war against Japan reached a preliminary crisis in October, 1944 (more than four months before Yalta), when Churchill and a British entourage visited Moscow. General Deane describes the resulting conferences which he attended as the principal American military representative. Stalin reiterated his intention, first announced to Cordell Hull at Moscow in *October, 1943*, then more or less formalized at Teheran, of entering the Pacific War; said he needed three months after V-E Day to stockpile supplies in Siberia, declared that the U.S. could have air bases and one naval base in the Far East, but added that "if the United States and Great Britain preferred to bring Japan to her knees without Russian participation, he was ready to agree." Furthermore, there was a little item of additional supplies that Russia would require to help

her build up a two months reserve in Siberia. All in all, Stalin said, the Russians would need more than a million tons of cargo and they must be delivered by June 30, 1945, the deliveries to be in addition to those already being made under the Fourth Lend-Lease Protocol. In Moscow, in 1944, Stalin made many glowing promises, but, as Deane noted, "despite these promises, the end result was that the Russians got their supplies and the United States got nothing except a belated and last minute Russian attack against the Japanese."

As the Soviets stalled on their promises and we delivered supplies, the months drew on into the winter of 1944-1945, and at Yalta in February, President Roosevelt, pressed by the U.S. Chiefs of Staff, again took up the questions of bomber bases in Siberia and the date of Russian entry into the Pacific War. Stalin again agreed in principle and set the date at three months after victory in Europe had been won. He said the U.S. could establish bases at Komsomolsk, Nikolaevsk, and eventually at Kamchatka. But he got down in black and white his price — the Curzon line for the eastern border of Poland, the Kurile Islands, and controlling economic and strategic concessions in Manchuria. (Stalin's Manchurian "price" for Russia's entry into the Pacific War had first been broached — apparently with no grave objections on our part — at Teheran in December, 1943, just a few days after Roosevelt, Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek had agreed in the Cairo Declaration that Manchuria and Formosa should be restored to China.)

But it was not until the spring, when Germany was at her last gasp and Japan near the end, that, in the words of General Deane (*italics mine*), "*it was found that the net increase that would result from putting four groups of B-29's in the Amur River district would be 1.39 per cent of the total bomb tonnage we could place on Japan without using Russian bases.*" This was convincing proof, adds Deane, "that the slight increase in our bombing effort and the advantage of an added direction of approach for our bomber formations were not at all commensurate with the logistical effort involved in establishing our forces in Siberia."

A little late, after more than three years of U.S. participation in the war and numerous major concessions to Russia — concessions which were to affect the peace — to be making this ABC logistical discovery! By then Russia had most of the supplies she had demanded; and she had carefully recorded the secret concessions of Yalta.

Russia drove a hard bargain at Yalta. Stalin promised to enter the war against Japan within an estimated ninety days after the end of the war against Germany, but for it he got the Kurile Islands, all of Kamchatka, a half interest in the railways in Manchuria, Port Arthur, a Russian-controlled "free port" in Dairen, and thus strategic hegemony in important Northeast Asia.

These agreements were made with no representative of China, the country most affected by them, present. We undertook the amazing task of helping to secure Chinese acquiescence in arrangements which in effect gave away Chinese territory and advanced the border of Communist Russia almost to Peiping. Nor did we do this gently. The Chinese ratified the Yalta agreements under pressure from the United States, or as the recently issued China White Paper ("United States Relations with China") explains it: "The American view is that the Yalta agreement shall be complied with — no more, no less."

The fault was doubly grievous. We not only hurt our own interests and those of a friendly ally, but at Yalta, inferentially at least, we broke our pledged word to that ally. For at Cairo in 1943 — before the Teheran conference and after Stalin had told Hull in Moscow that Russia would enter the Pacific War — we promised publicly the restoration of Manchuria to China. And to a pragmatic politician Russian control of Port Arthur and a half interest in the Manchurian railways could only mean Soviet strategic hegemony over Manchuria.

Nor was this all. During the discussions it was suggested by President Roosevelt that perhaps the Russians ought to have a commercial outlet to the Persian Gulf, and that maybe the Trans-Iranian railway, built by American engineers with the help of American capital, ought to be partially owned by Russia, or at least Russia should have certain transit rights! Fortunately wiser counsel soft-pedaled the proposal, and Stalin, apparently suspicious, showed no interest.

No wonder Stimson wrote that the meeting at Yalta dealt "a good deal in altruism and idealism instead of stark realities."

5

THE ATOMIC BOMB — THE PENALTY OF EXPEDENCY. The utilization of the atomic bomb against a prostrate and defeated Japan in the closing days of the war exemplifies, even more graphically than any of the mistakes previously recounted, the narrow, astigmatic concentration of our planners upon one goal and one alone, victory.

Nowhere in all of Mr. Stimson's forceful and eloquent apologia for the leveling of Hiroshima and Nagasaki is there any evidence of an ulterior vision; indeed, the entire effort of his famous *Harper's* article, reprinted and rearranged in his book *On Active Service*, is focused upon proving that the bomb hastened the end of the war. But at what cost!

To accept the Stimson thesis that the atomic bomb should have been used as it was used, it is necessary, first, to accept the contention that the atomic bomb achieved or hastened victory; and second, and more important, that it helped to con-

solidate the peace or to further the political aims for which war was fought.

History can accept neither contention.

Let us examine the first. The atomic bomb was dropped in August. Long before that month started our forces were securely based in Okinawa, the Marianas, and Iwo Jima; Germany had been defeated; our fleet had been cruising off the Japanese coast with impunity, bombarding the shoreline; our submarines were operating in the Sea of Japan; even interisland ferries had been attacked and sunk. Bombing, which started slowly in June, 1944, from China bases and from the Marianas in November, 1944, had been increased materially in 1945, and by August, 1945, more than 16,000 tons of bombs had ravaged Japanese cities. Food was short; mines and submarines and surface vessels and planes clamped an iron blockade around the main islands; raw materials were scarce. Blockade, bombing, and unsuccessful attempts at dispersion had reduced Japanese production capacity 20 to 60 per cent. The enemy, in a military sense, was in a hopeless strategic position by the time the Potsdam demand for unconditional surrender was made on July 26.

Such then was the situation when we wiped out Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Need we have done it? No one can, of course, be positive, but the answer is probably negative; and even if the need had been proved beyond a doubt, Japan might have been given warning.

The invasion of Japan, which Admiral Leahy had opposed as too wasteful of American blood and as, in any case, unnecessary, was scheduled (for the southern island of Kyushu) for November 1, 1945; to be followed, if necessary, in the spring of 1946, by a major landing on the main island of Honshu. We dropped the two atomic bombs in early August, almost two months before the date set for the invasion of Japan. The decision to drop them, after the Japanese rejection of the Potsdam ultimatum, was a pretty hasty one. It followed the recommendations of Secretary Stimson and an "Interim Committee" of distinguished officials and scientists, who had found "no acceptable alternative to direct military use."

But the weakness of this statement is inherent, for none was tried and "military use" of the bomb was undertaken despite strong opposition to this course by numerous scientists and Japanese experts, including former Ambassador Joseph Grew. Not only was the Potsdam ultimatum merely a restatement of the politically impossible — unconditional surrender — but it could hardly be construed as a direct warning of the atomic bomb and was not taken as such by anyone who did not know the bomb had been created. A technical demonstration of the bomb's power may well have been unfeasible, but certainly a far more definite warning could have been given, and it is hard to believe that a target

objective in Japan with but sparse population could not have been found. The truth is that we did not try.

Our only warning to a Japan already militarily defeated and in a hopeless situation was the Potsdam demand for unconditional surrender issued on July 26, when we knew Japanese surrender attempts had started. Yet, when the Japanese surrender was negotiated about two weeks later, after the bomb had been dropped, our unconditional surrender demand was made conditional and we agreed, as Stimson had originally proposed we should do, to continuation of the Emperor upon his throne.

We were therefore twice guilty. We dropped the bomb at a time when Japan already was negotiating for an end of the war but before those negotiations could come to fruition. We demanded unconditional surrender, then dropped the bomb and accepted conditional surrender — a sequence which indicates pretty clearly that the Japanese would have surrendered even if the bomb had not been dropped, had the Potsdam Declaration included our promise to continue the Emperor upon his throne.

What we now know of the condition of Japan and of the days preceding her final surrender on August 15 verifies these conclusions. It is clear, in retrospect, and was understood by some, notably Admiral Leahy, at the time, that Japan was militarily on her last legs.

6

THE military defeat of Japan was certain. The atomic bomb was not needed. But if the bomb did not procure victory, did it hasten it?

This question cannot be answered with equal precision, particularly since the full story of the Japanese surrender attempts has not been revealed. But a brief chronology of known events indicates that the atomic bomb may have shortened the war by a few days — not more.

The day before Christmas, 1944 (n.b. two months before the Yalta conference), U.S. intelligence authorities in Washington received a report from a confidential agent in Japan that a peace party was emerging and that the Koiso cabinet would soon be succeeded by a cabinet headed by Admiral Baron Suzuki, who would initiate surrender proceedings.

The Koiso cabinet *was* succeeded in early April by a new government headed by Suzuki, but even prior to this significant change, the Japanese — in February, 1945 — had approached the Russians with a request that they act as intermediary in arranging a peace with the Western powers. The Russian Ambassador Malik, in Tokyo, was the channel of the approach. The Russians, however, set their price of mediation so high that the Japanese temporarily dropped the matter. The United

States was not officially informed of this approach until after the end of the war.

Prior to, coincident with, and after this February attempt, ill-defined peace approaches were made through the Japanese Ambassadors in Stockholm and Moscow, particularly Moscow. These approaches were so informal — and represented to such a degree the personal initiative of the two Ambassadors concerned — that they never came to a head.

But after a meeting with Stalin in Moscow on May 27, before the trial A-bomb was even tested in New Mexico, Harry Hopkins (according to Robert Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins*) cabled President Truman as follows: —

"1. Japan is doomed and the Japanese know it.

"2. Peace feelers are being put out by certain elements in Japan. . . ."

In April, 1945, as the United States was establishing a foothold on Okinawa, the Russians in effect denounced their neutrality agreement with Japan, and from then until July 12, the new cabinet was moving rapidly toward surrender attempts.

On July 12, fourteen days before we issued the Potsdam Declaration, these attempts reached a clearly defined point. Prince Konoye was received by the Emperor on that day and ordered to Moscow as a peace plenipotentiary to "secure peace at any price." On July 13, Moscow was notified officially by the Japanese Foreign Office that the "Emperor was desirous of peace."

It was hoped that Moscow would inform the United States and Britain at the Potsdam conference of Japan's desire to discuss peace. But instead of receiving an answer from the "Big Three," Ambassador Sato in Moscow was told by Molotov on August 8 of Russia's entry into the war against Japan, effective immediately.

However, since early May, well before this disappointing denouement to the most definite peace attempts the Japanese had yet made, the six-man Supreme War Direction Council in Japan had been discussing peace. On June 20 the Emperor told the Council that it "was necessary to have a plan to close the war at once as well as a plan to defend the home islands."

The Council was deadlocked three to three, and Premier Suzuki, to break the deadlock, had decided to summon a Gozenkaigi (a meeting of "elder statesmen," called only in hours of crises) at which the Emperor himself could make the decision for peace or for further war. Suzuki knew his Emperor's mind; Hirohito had been convinced for some weeks that peace was the only answer to Japan's ordeal.

The first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6; Russia entered the war on August 8; and the second atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki on August 9. The dropping of the first bomb and the Russian entry into the war gave Suzuki additional arguments for again putting the

issue before the Supreme War Direction Council, and on August 9 he won their approval for the Gozenkaigi. But neither the people of Japan nor their leaders were as impressed with the atomic bomb as we were. The public did not know until after the war what had happened to Hiroshima; and even so, they had endured fire raids against Tokyo which had caused more casualties and devastated a greater area than that destroyed at Hiroshima. The Supreme War Direction Council was initially told that a fragment of the Hiroshima bomb indicated that it was made in Germany (!), that it appeared to be a conventional explosive of great power, and that there was only one bomb available.

When the Gozenkaigi actually was held on August 14, five days after the second bomb was dropped, War Minister Anami and the chiefs of the Army and Navy General Staff — three members of the War Council who had been adamant for continuation of the war — were still in favor of continuing it; those who had wanted peace still wanted it. In other words, the bomb changed no opinions; the Emperor himself, who had already favored peace, broke the deadlock.

"If nobody else has any opinion to express," Hirohito said, according to Masuo Kato in *The Lost War*, "we would express our own. We demand that you will agree to it. We see only one way left for Japan to save herself. That is the reason we have made this determination to endure the unendurable and suffer the insufferable."

The Strategic Bombing Survey stated as its opinion that "certainly prior to Dec. 31, 1945 Japan would have surrendered even if the atomic bombs had not been dropped, even if Russia had not entered the war, and even if no invasion had been planned or contemplated." This seems, in the light of history, a reasonable judgment and, in view of our available intelligence estimates, one that we could have then made.

It is quite possible that the atomic bombs shortened the war by a day, a week, or a month — not more. But at what a price! For whether or not the atomic bomb hastened victory, it is quite clear it has not won the peace.

7

SOME may point to the comparative tranquillity of Japan under MacArthur in the post-war period as due in part to the terror of American arms created by the bomb. This is scarcely so; Japan's seeming tranquillity is a surface one, which has been furthered by a single occupation authority and the nature of the Japanese people. But I venture to say that those who suffered at Hiroshima and Nagasaki will never forget it, and that we sowed there a whirlwind of hate which we shall some day reap.

In estimating the effect of the use of the bomb upon the peace, we must remember, first, that we

used the bomb for one purpose and one only: not to secure a more equitable peace, but to hasten victory. By using the bomb, we have become identified, rightfully or wrongly, as inheritors of the mantle of Genghis Khan and all those of past history who have justified the use of utter ruthlessness in war.

In reality, we took up where these great conquerors left off, long before we dropped the atomic bomb. Americans, in their own eyes, are a naïvely idealistic people, with none of the crass ruthlessness so often exhibited by other nations. Yet in the eyes of others our record is very far from clean, nor can objective history palliate it. Rarely have we been found on the side of restricting horror; too often we have failed to support the feeble hands of those who would limit war. We did not ratify the Hague Convention of 1899, outlawing the use of dum-dum (expanding) bullets in war. We never ratified the Geneva Protocol of 1925, outlawing the use of biological agents and gas in war.

At the time the war in the Pacific ended, pressure for the use of gas against Japanese island positions had reached the open discussion stage, and rationalization was leading surely to justification — an expedient justification since we had air superiority and the means to deluge the enemy with gas, while he had no similar way to reply. We condemned the Japanese for their alleged use of biological agents against the Chinese, yet in July and August, 1945, a shipload of U.S. biological agents for use in destruction of the Japanese rice crop was en route to the Marianas. And even before the war, our fundamental theory of air war — like that of the Trenchard school of Britain — coincided, or stemmed from, the Douhet doctrine of destructiveness: the bombardment of enemy cities and peoples.

Yet surely these methods, particularly the extension of unrestricted warfare to enemy civilians, defeated any peace aims we might have had, and had little appreciable effect in hastening military victory. For in any totalitarian state the leaders, rather than the people, must be convinced of defeat; and the indiscriminate use of mass or area weapons like biological agents and the atomic bomb strikes at the people, not the rulers. We cannot suc-

ceed, therefore, by such methods, in drawing that fine line between ruler and ruled that ought to be drawn in every war; we cannot hasten military victory by slaughtering the led. Such methods only serve to bind the led closer to their leaders. Moreover, unrestricted warfare can never lay the groundwork for a more stable peace. Its heritage may be the salt-sown fields of Carthage or the rubble and ruins of a Berlin or Tokyo or Hiroshima, but neither economically nor psychologically can unrestricted warfare — atomic warfare or biological warfare — lead anywhere save to eventual disaster.

During the last conflict we brought new horror to the meaning of war; the ruins of Germany and Japan, the flame-scarred tissues of the war wounded, attest our efficiency. And on August 6, 1945, that blinding flash above Hiroshima wrote a climax to an era of American expediency. On that date, we joined the list of those who had introduced new and horrible weapons for the extermination of man; we joined the Germans who had first utilized gas, the Japanese with their biological agents, the Huns and the Mongols who had made destruction a fine art.

It is my contention that in the eyes of the world the atomic bomb has cost us dearly; we have lost morally; we no longer are the world's moral leader as in the days of the Wilsonian Fourteen Points. It is my contention that the unlimited destruction caused by our unlimited methods of waging war has cost us heavy economic losses in the forms of American tax subsidies to Germany and Japan.

But it is not only — and perhaps not chiefly — in public opinion or in the public pocketbook that we have suffered, but in our own souls. The American public is tending to accept the nefarious doctrine that the ends justify the means, the doctrine of exigency.

We have embarked upon total war with a vengeance; we have done our best to make it far more total. If we do not soon reverse this trend, if we do not cast about for means to limit and control war, if we do not abandon the doctrine of expediency, of unconditional surrender, of total victory, we shall some day ourselves become the victims of our own theories and practices.





A two-fisted fighter for Conservation, ARTHUR H. CARHART joined the regular staff of the U.S. Forest Service in 1919, where he rose to the responsibility of planning the human use of wild lands in six states, a total of 23 million acres. On this job he covered most of the Rockies between Montana and New Mexico on foot, on horseback, and by car — a survey which turned him into a vigilante. He has fought the cattlemen and the lumber interests for the preservation of our public lands; now in this article he faces every American — country man and city dweller — with the hard facts of our water famine.

TURN OFF THAT FAUCET!

by ARTHUR H. CARHART

1

WATER is at once the most precious mineral on earth and, with the exception of air, the cheapest of our necessities. Most Americans take it for granted. The average cost of a tumblerful of water drawn from a city tap approximates 26/10,000 of a cent. At that rate — 5 cents per ton — water is actually cheaper than dirt. But the last mouthful of water in the canteen of a man lost in a lifeboat or on a sun-blistered desert is priceless.

We have learned to respect the limit to our reserves of metals, petroleum, coal, and similar irreplaceable resources; and we are learning that there is a limit on how much we may use of our timber, grass, wildlife, and other replaceable natural wealth: these should be used only in the amount of the annual increments, the yearly "crops." But we think of water as practically inexhaustible; not until recently have we been jolted into realizing that it can be as scarce as it is indispensable.

The apex of a three-year drought drove this fact home to New England and New York last summer. In the Pawtucket Valley of Rhode Island early last summer, water consumption hit an all-time high of 2.8 million gallons per day. By July 15 bellboys at beachside hotels of Narragansett were carrying buckets of water to guests; bath water and showers were taboo. Fifty families in one neighborhood toted water from an old well that had served for half a century.

On September 7, a highway commissioner reported that trucks hauling water to families in North Providence would continue doing so until the crisis passed.

In Maine, along with the fire hazard came a new dilemma: the water shortage required the removal of young fish from state hatcheries to suitable streams. But what streams? Where young trout normally are planted, channels were 50 to 75 per

cent dry; where water still ran, it was so low that baby trout had no chance of survival if released there.

The drought continued. By early winter the reservoirs of Greater New York were so alarmingly low that the press began to headline the shortage. For many this was the first realization of how wasteful a great city is of its water.

Do you know how much water New Yorkers demand in one day? Just 1.2 billion gallons. No other city in the world is half so wasteful. As Manhattan continues to grow, so it continues to outgrow its rainfall yield. The Catskill and Croton systems of the city's watersheds are down to 34 per cent of capacity. If they drop below 25 per cent, there won't be enough pressure to deliver water to the city.

Part of the solution is to stop the reckless waste. The engineers of the Department of Water Supply estimated that it would be possible for the 8 million New Yorkers to conserve 196.8 million gallons of water per day. They urge that citizens

1. Repair, or have the landlord repair, any leaking faucet or other wasting fixture.
2. Don't wash dishes under an open faucet.
3. Don't heat or cool the baby's bottle under a running faucet.
4. Keep a bottle of water in the refrigerator to get a cool drink quickly.
5. Don't overrinse in using washing machines.
6. Don't use toilets to dispose of cigarette butts or ashes.

A house-to-house survey revealed that the repair of leaking plumbing fixtures would reduce waste by 100 million gallons a day. Squads of "water wardens" cruised New York City checking on leaky faucets and reporting incidents of water wastage to the police. Fines for failing to repair

leaky faucets were raised from \$2 to \$5, and one real-estate firm was fined \$100 after inspectors reported a water loss of 27 gallons a minute in one of its buildings.

Admittedly, the culminating effects of a drought do not necessarily forecast an impending water shortage of indefinite duration. Far more serious than drought are water shortages which occur under average climatic and seasonal conditions. Increased populations, industrial expansion, and the development of new water-consuming processes have increased the demands on our usable water. Now the alternative can no longer be dodged: either we concern ourselves with the conservation of water and the maintenance of the mechanisms of nature which supply it to us, or we shall face a genuine, widespread water famine.

2

FROM coast to coast this country supplies innumerable striking examples of the overuse, the exhaustibility of our water supply. Listen: —

1. At Roswell, New Mexico the irrigation of farms with surface water began in 1880. The first flowing well, sunk into the deep strata of the Roosevelt artesian basin, was established in 1891. In 1902, someone had the happy idea that artesian wells might supply limitless water for irrigation. Bonanza days followed. By 1905, some 500 wells had tapped the deep supply. Casing heads a foot or more in diameter boiled out water that stood several inches above the rim because of pressure from below. The green fields were lush with crops.

Artesian water of the Roosevelt basin was considered "inexhaustible," but in two decades the area of underground water reserve shrank from 663 square miles to 425 square miles. Wells ran sluggishly or quit flowing. Costs skyrocketed; water could be pumped, but only at a price. Wells and farms worth 5 million dollars were abandoned.

In 1927 the U.S. Geological Survey was called in to make a study, in the hope that measures might be taken to rehabilitate the water supply, the community, and its economy. The Survey found that many old casings leaked. Water escaped laterally into upper soil strata and dissipated. Leaks were stopped. Valves were placed on casing heads and flow was shut off when not needed; the practice of letting the "inexhaustible" water flow unrestrained was halted. A stratum of water-bearing earth *above* the artesian level was found, and wells sunk into it supplemented the deep supply.

The study went on to determine the approximate rate of recharge in the artesian basin and the annual "crop" of water which could be used without depletion. The use was then proportioned to this annual replacement. A state law backs up the necessary controls.

2. In Brooklyn, New York, about 1933, the air-

conditioning boom began to take effect. Wells were sunk to obtain cool water. They centered in a limited area where demand was prodigious. Excessive pumping caused the water level to drop. The decline showed up in wells as far as 7 to 12 miles away. It was estimated that the lowering of the water table spread over an area of 150 square miles. As the fresh-water level went down, sea water was sucked in and water in some wells became unusable.

The problem has been partially met by sinking "recharge wells" into the water-bearing stratum and, after use, pumping the water back down into the ground reservoir. Some recharge wells have been plugged by silt even though water is screened from dust-bearing air throughout the circuit. Additional water has had to be pumped into Brooklyn from distant reservoirs.

3. Atlantic City, New Jersey, pumped its water supply from upper layers of water-yielding sand, but pumped it so heavily that ocean water came in. Wells driven to a deeper 800-foot level produced good water — several million gallons per day. But as always there is a limit. A thirteen-year record shows that the inevitable "cone of depression" in the water table is expanding; water is being taken out of the ground reservoir faster than it is being replaced.

4. The Philadelphia-Camden area pumps 125 million gallons of water daily from sands underlying the metropolitan district. If no replacement occurred, pumpage at this rate would dry up the subterranean reservoir in five years.

Recently a large oil refinery was constructed across the river from the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Although this plant is across the stream, its water requirements, which are rated at 10 million gallons a day, are expected to lower the water level on the Philadelphia side from 10 to 20 feet. How much more industrial expansion can the Philadelphia area allow without restricting the operations of water-using plants now established?

Deeper sands here may continue to deliver water in quantities needed, even with some industrial expansion. But a problem rises in the quality of water that may be available if the flow from recharge areas is accelerated.

No small part of the recharge of underlying sands comes from the flow of the Schuylkill River. Once one of our most beautiful rivers, today it is a filthy stream, made so by nauseous pollutions. The bed of the river is so foul that methane, or marsh gas, generates in the mud. Large blocks of sludgy bottom break loose and rise to the river surface because of gas entrapped in them. Within the zone of potential recharge of ground waters, where squatters set up shacks on old city dumps and tidal flats of South Philadelphia, residents merely drive pipes in the ground, and marsh gas thus tapped is sufficient for cooking and heating. There is water

in the Schuylkill but, as in so many other streams, man has polluted it until it is potential poison for both human beings and industries. Excessive withdrawal from ground reservoirs could cause this bad water to sluice in.

5. At Texas City, an industrial center on the Gulf Coast, wells were supplying about 1.5 million gallons a day in 1930; by 1945 the pumping rate was 23.3 million gallons daily. The water level in one 1000-foot well dropped 102 feet below sea level; in a 610-foot well it was 165 feet below the surface of the Gulf. Industries at this point have reached out to obtain surface water from the Brazos, Nueces, and other rivers. Streams have not been polluted here to as great an extent as in more "developed" areas and the flow is usable. Because the total flow of Texas rivers is about eight times the present use, there is hope that there will be enough to go around.

6. Along the coastal plain of southern California, excessive removal of water bulk from the earth has caused the land surface to sink as much as 8 feet in some limited areas. Salt water is invading wells near the ocean from Santa Monica to Santa Ana. At Long Beach, the water table has been pulled down to 75 feet below sea level. Near Redondo Beach, infiltration of ocean waters has thrust 2 miles inland.

7. A climax of drought and high demand in 1941 pulled the water table down at Indianapolis — 50 feet down, an all-time low.

8. War production of alcohol and synthetic rubber at Louisville drew on ground water so heavily in 1944 that some wells delivered only a quarter of their normal yield. A system of reuse, putting water through processes again and again, reduced pumpage, but these installations providing reuse cost 5 million dollars.

9. During a period when precipitation was below the average and water needs high, wells in an 8-miles-square area near Scott City, Kansas, were pumped enough to cause a drop in the water table of approximately 12 to 16 feet.

10. Fred Hawthorn, a leading agriculturist farming near Castana, Iowa, remembers how, years ago, his father scooped a watering tank out of the ground for his cattle with an ordinary scraper, and ground water seeped in to fill it. Later a pitcher pump was needed to replenish the supply because natural seepage declined. As timber in the basin above was cleaned off and hillsides were plowed, the surface soil washed away, deep gullies ripped through bottom-land fields, the water table dropped, and the shallow well failed. A well sunk 70 feet found no water-bearing stratum. Now a soil-conservation project is approved for that basin, and it probably will cost ten times as much to repair watershed values there as it would have cost to maintain them. At that there is only a slight chance that restoration ever will approximate original conditions.

11. Des Moines, Iowa, pumps water out of the

Raccoon River, spreads it over a gravel field, and draws the municipal supply from chambers installed below the gravel. Old wells have proved inadequate.

12. Bristol, Pennsylvania, originally drew its water supply from the Delaware River. The river became so foul that seven wells were sunk in 1940, to secure clean water. At first the wells delivered 700 gallons per minute. Then the water table dropped to the bottom of the wells and only 200 gallons per minute could be pumped. Bristol is now being forced to go back to the river for adequate volume of water, which will have to be treated in an expensive filtration plant.

13. Cranberry growers on Cape Cod use great amounts of water to combat frost or fire. Overuse has lowered the water table and brought invasion of salt water.

3

AIR CONDITIONING on Long Island, citrus crops in California and Arizona, liquor at Louisville, cranberries on Cape Cod, corn in Iowa, synthetic rubber in Texas, sugar beets in Utah, gasoline at Camden, apples in Oregon, steel in Pittsburgh, a bathtub and flush toilet in Elgin, washing the supper dishes in Saint Paul, along with an infinite number of other uses, all require water — tons of it in the aggregate.

The demands will increase. The human body contains from 60 to 70 per cent of water. The total daily replacement for body needs is only 6 to 8 pints daily. But there are other demands, from brushing your teeth to producing a ton of steel or a crop of alfalfa, that string out in a mounting volume to maintain your daily living. While your own body may require but 6 pints of water per day to keep going, it is estimated that 700 gallons are required each day to supply demands of each individual living in the United States.

The estimate of 700 gallons per day per capita does not include water driving turbines of hydroelectric plants, water serving recreation, or any used in navigation. It does include all other uses. Of the total daily 700 gallons per person requirement, 140 gallons are withdrawn from ground-water reservoirs. We could have had water of a quality suited to most uses from most running streams of the nation if we had not polluted them until they are actually dangerous sources. The deterioration of these potential surface waters has increased the vast demand for ground water. The place of most serious shortages is in our subterranean supplies.

We have wantonly injured a good deal of our water supply, both surface flow and subterranean reservoirs. Skinning forests from slopes of water basins has removed in many places the water-holding earth. The function of forested areas in the high collecting basins is one phase of the conserva-

tion problem which has been widely discussed and understood by our people. The forestry phase of watershed management is fairly well advanced, but there still is much to be done.

Original sod in grassy, treeless areas has been broken by plows, and tillage of many of these acres is necessary. But where slopes are critical, there are areas which must be returned to sod for their own protection and for the protection of watershed values. Tillage must follow a pattern of good soil conservation. No sector of the conservation battle has advanced so rapidly as this one; a heartening gain.

Overgrazing, particularly in the western third of the nation, where all major rivers of the West rise, must be halted. Livestock operators must let forage stand at season's end on many acres; they must face the fact that some herbage must be returned to the earth to perpetuate the soil mat of organic matter which binds the soil and supplies indispensable porosity to the topsoil. This is imperative as watershed protection and ensures better grazing for livestock in the long run.

We still are hailing drainage projects which wring water out of bogs and swamps as feats of engineering progress. Too often in the past, we have drained these areas which maintained water tables in adjacent acres and thus destroyed the upstream ground reservoirs where clear-water rivers are born.

Other projects have gouged deep and extensive ditches to scoot floodwaters out of some upper basin area. This runoff dumps into lower river channels. Then we build levees costing millions to try to harness the floods in the lowlands. We are trying to *control* floods rather than trying to *prevent* them by "nailing the raindrop where it falls."

Federal government agencies are rushing headlong into a program of building gigantic dams on main stem rivers and their tributaries. These monumental masses of concrete are expected to serve irrigation, control floods, and produce power — all good objectives. But with sick watersheds above, the days of such dams are numbered. Silt pours into the reservoirs and will do so as long as deteriorated watersheds lie upstream. As an example, the Colorado River, above Lake Meade,

carried a load of sediment between 1925 and 1941 totaling more than 200 million tons. Engineers differ, but estimates of how soon Lake Meade will become a mud flat range from fifty years as the minimum to 150 years at the most.

The efficiency and capacity of this installation (and all like it) decrease constantly toward the day when mud flats will bake where water once was stored, and the now flourishing communities of southern Arizona and California depending on water from Lake Meade for a major part of their existence must face the possibility of progressively moving toward the status of ghost towns. Healing of the watersheds above these great dams is more essential at this stage than the furious activity in throwing a series of billion-dollar dams across river channels.

Streams that could supply great volumes of water for many uses have been poisoned by pollution. Industry, now desperately seeking usable water where streams flow foul, has been responsible for much of the destruction of water wealth in our rivers. No less guilty are municipalities that have dumped, and continue to dump, their wastes into streams as a convenient and cheap way of getting rid of such refuse. Streams still unpolluted we must keep so. Those which have been fouled we must restore to usability. The longer we wait, the more difficult it will be to clean up the flow.

Of high importance is the ground-water study program of the U.S. Geological Survey. An inventory of what we have, what can be used, where water wealth lies, could save hundreds of millions of dollars to industry and protect against depletion of supplies by too heavy pumpage in spots which cannot be recharged.

The critical zone of conservation is only a few feet thick: a foot or so below the surface of the soil and a couple of feet above that surface. In that zone lies the fundamental place of starting in conserving the cheapest but most precious form of our natural wealth — water. Sound protection of the water that exists, and intelligent rehabilitation of what has been damaged, will have a considerable bearing on the future course of the nation. On the trail ahead, good water, and plenty of it, will be a dominant factor in American life.



I Personally

A graduate of Wellesley now in her thirty-eighth year, Mrs. X is the wife of a successful lawyer who occupied an important post in the Pentagon during the war years. Their second daughter, Constance, was born in Washington, and then began the sensitive, stubborn struggle to reach the child through the barrier of her deficiency. The following article raises the question, Can a child who from birth is cut off from normal development be fitted into the close community of a family? A third child, Charlotte, was born eighteen months ago and is, as Mrs. X writes, "the happiest of substitutes for the sister who had to leave." This is the second winner of an Atlantic I Personally Award.

OUR BABY WAS BLIND

by MRS. X

I

THE hospital noises flowed in and out of my consciousness as I stirred drowsily in the late afternoon; I felt blessedly detached from pain, stretching each leg stiffly into the cool, smooth corners of the hospital bed, testing the suppleness of my body. My second child, a baby girl, had been born, strong and squalling, early that morning, and all day I had been luxuriating in the fulfilled sensation of maternity.

The door opened and the doctor came in. He was a young man who was exempt from war service since he had three small children of his own and a tremendous practice. His voice was soft-spoken and his eyes had the directness a woman looks for.

"Mrs. X," he began, sitting on one of the stiff maple chairs by the bed. "You know you have a fine, healthy child, but I am sorry to tell you there's something the matter with the baby's eyes."

I felt Time stop. "What is it, Doctor? What have you found?" I humped myself up on one elbow. "What is it?"

"We are not sure yet. I have called in a specialist for tomorrow." He crossed his arms over his blue smock. "I was examining her an hour ago. She opened her eyes, and I found something that wasn't usual." He hesitated a moment.

"Go on, Doctor."

"The eyes are too small."

"I have always been very nearsighted," I said.

"This has nothing to do with that. This goes back to something that happened when the eyes were being formed, in the first three months."

"Does my husband know?"

"Yes, I have called him at the Pentagon. All there is to do is wait for the eye man's diagnosis."

He rose to go, and I was grateful for his impersonality. When the door had closed I dropped back on the flat, unyielding bed, my previous mood totally shattered. Surely things would resolve themselves, I kept telling myself. The pregnancy

had been so normal; everything in Bill's background and in mine was normal. How could they be sure?

I was still groping when I heard a little cry, and a nurse came into the room bringing my baby. "Such a beautiful baby," she said, laying the shapeless white bundle on my lap; she paused for a moment and then left the room. I looked at the miniature pink face and the delicate reddish fuzz over the tiny head which was cupped in my hand. A pink fist appeared suddenly out of the white wrappings and waved about in the air. I forced my finger into the tight fist and uncurled the long, already tapering fingers, noticing the perfection of the tiny white moons on the fingernails not yet a day old.

Then the child opened her eyes and closed them. It had been as quick as the flash of a camera's shutter, but time enough for me to see. The eyes were small, small as a baby's pearl sweater-button. In one there was an odd triangular wedge of opacity which had caught the light, and glinted minutely like a scrap of milky glass, and there weren't any pupils. There weren't any pupils.

The days that followed till the ophthalmologist could conclude his diagnosis fused themselves into an endless, sleepless agony. During the day, when my husband came and the nurses chattered in muffled tones at the hall desk, and visitors came and went, and maids brought in great clusters of scarlet roses, the hospital routine and my own rationalizing mind controlled my emotions. With a man's comforting objectivity, Bill reasoned with me that out of modern and wartime medicine would arise developments which could eventually help our child, if indeed she were blind.

But at night reason was powerless over imagination. My thoughts went over and over the same pictures. I saw our other child, Dorothy, such an adorable healthy three-year-old. I saw a cold red-brick building with straggling ivy over tight walls,

housing an awkward blonde child in blue gingham, one of many others clad the same monotonous way, groping grimly through the years of institutional life. These thoughts never seemed to exhaust themselves in repetition. It was aeons until the nights finally ground themselves out and there was a first gray feeling of dawn through the blinds.

Four days after the baby was born, the ophthalmologist came in with his diagnosis. He did not smile. He did not mince words.

"Your baby was born with microphthalmus, which means smallness of the eyes," he said. "They are only 50 per cent normal size, and she will have very little, if any, useful vision. She may have light perception. We shall know when she is a bit older and we can give her simple tests."

"But Doctor, how could it happen?" I asked, trying to be objective. "There is nothing in the family anywhere of such a thing."

"There have recently been cases," he continued implacably, "cited by an Australian doctor, who found that mothers who have had German measles in the first three months of pregnancy have sometimes produced children with congenital cataract and lens opacity. Did you have anything like measles?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Otherwise there seems no explanation."

"Heredity had nothing to do with it?" I asked.

"No, that is certain."

"But Doctor —" There was one other question, and I had to face up to it. "Will the brain be impaired?"

"We don't know," he replied. "We have to wait. There is no certainty one way or the other. This happens so seldom, and we have so few records to follow."

"Is there anything to do?" I said finally.

"No, possibly operations later to improve the vision slightly. But right now, nothing."

The intense shock killed all my joy in the baby. For weeks I felt an aversion to little Connie. But gradually, as spring brought the dogwood and cherry blossoms to Washington, this black thing came to be taken for granted and was even forgotten with the growing sweetness of the child. Moreover, we had been fortunate to find a wonderfully efficient nurse.

As the year passed, Connie grew normally. One day she reached for the rattle, shook it in her ear. In time she sat up, rocking her buggy until every squeak and joint in the cart was discovered. She squashed the spongy, oozy oatmeal through her fingers, slapped and scratched every flat surface within reach — the screened sides of her bed, the rough plaster walls. Gradually I came to realize that we must make a constant effort to expose this child to what was beyond the horizon of her fingertips. At an age when a normal child would be taking in new sensations and knowledge of his surround-

ings at a phenomenal rate, Connie was too readily satisfied with the little area where she was confined, whether the high chair, the play pen, the buggy, or the crib.

I began to wonder how a child's curiosity developed. Was there a natural urge to learn, which would lead her on to crawl, to explore the furniture, to discover with her fingers the contours of her mother's and father's faces, eventually to walk, ask questions? How far does the urge to learn take a child's intelligence? How could one encourage the development of this urge? The doctors seemed satisfied with Connie's progress, but they checked her physically, they didn't see her day after day, playing like a healthy puppy with her toys, mouthing them and shaking them. I was beginning to want more from her.

This led to constant friction with the nurse. I found her consistently opposed to everything I suggested beyond the child's current capabilities. She was tender and compassionate; she was reliable, but she was also unimaginative, and as stubborn as an old Mississippi mule.

I had wanted to build an enclosure out in the yard, twice as large as the play pen, where Connie could get used to a bigger space around her, a different surface underfoot, and would have to crawl to get to the sides.

"But she will fall on the ground and hurt herself," the nurse immediately objected.

"Well, we could put a small rug down," I countered. "How will she ever learn to go anywhere under her own steam if she doesn't crawl and take some bumps? It's natural for babies to crawl."

"No, she is happy now. Let her be happy. If you push her, she will have a fall, and we'll be set way back."

2

DISTRUSTING this protective routine, Bill and I determined to seek out some reputable child psychologist for advice. The nurse, Connie, and I boarded the train from Washington and arrived at the clinic one rainy April morning.

We were ushered into a neat little room, a clinical replica of the child's nursery, with a play pen, a small table, a crib, and shelves with a few toys. Little Connie, her yellow curls clustering about her head, was placed in the crib, where she played happily with a rattle. She seemed so detached from the problem of the immediate visit that the possibility of the Doctor's finding her a normal eighteen-month-old child, given due allowance for her handicap, seemed altogether probable.

The Doctor was a grandfatherly-looking figure, with a fine thatch of white hair, a capable, brisk air and seasoned appearance. "Good morning, Mrs. X," he smiled cheerfully. "So you've come all the way up from Washington!" He turned to Connie.

"And this is little Connie," he said, taking the child from the crib and speaking gently. "Connie, Connie, Connie," he repeated several times in a low, almost mystical tone.

He jingled a little bell out of her reach. She instantly groped for it, following the tinkle until she located it. Then, resting and standing against his knee, where he had placed her, she put the bell to her mouth and examined it with her tongue, deftly twisting the handle till her tongue had manipulated the clapper and tested the smooth upper inside of the bell and the sharpness of the rim. She then shook the bell vigorously and laughed over the sound. The doctor gently retrieved it and tested her hearing by ringing it at various distances, and her span of attention by alternately giving it to her and retrieving it, trying to induce her to give it back to him. Presently she dropped it, and he handed her to the nurse.

The first test was over and I relaxed. Successfully, I told myself. Connie should have handed the bell back to him, but the fact that she hadn't done so was really immaterial, unimportant. She had certainly extracted every tactile and auditory sensation out of the thing.

"And now for the information I want," he said, taking a questionnaire from the table drawer. He adjusted his bifocals and began the history of Connie's first eighteen months, which I had given so many times.

"All right, young lady," the Doctor suddenly said, tapping all the papers straight on the table. "Now we'll take Connie into the laboratory."

I went in and took a chair. The perforated screen through which I looked transformed the scene in the laboratory into a strange picture. The doctor was beginning his experiments, was crouching over the square green table between him and the baby. He offered her different objects: blocks, a white enamel cup, a pellet, a ball, a large ring with string attached, then a pile of blocks, a music box. She took them all up, putting each to the same test as the little bell earlier in the morning. Occasionally she would grasp the nurse's skirt and sleeve to reassure herself. The doctor's monotone droned on as he dictated his memoranda.

"Block is presented, puts to mouth, casts to floor; several blocks are presented, feels, does not pile up but mouths a few, casts to floor. Pellet is presented, feels with palm, picks up with thumb and index, puts to mouth, tastes, spits out. More blocks presented, along with cup, puts nothing in cup, tastes again, discards. Feels for nurse, slaps hands flat on table, likes noise, slaps table again. Music box is presented, approaches her, goes to right, left, hand follows, gropes, finds it, puts to mouth, drops to table . . ."

Finally, exhausted with all the relentless attempts to probe her mind for a response, Connie picked up a block and threw it at the doctor. It hit his glasses

and bounded back onto the floor. Connie began to whimper and turned to the nurse. The doctor could do no more with her, and that was the end of the experiments.

For a moment I couldn't move. Thank God, it was over! Those hateful, detestable blocks — why should the child put them in the cup? If you couldn't see, the idea might never occur to you. Yet with a dark intuition I could feel the emphasis of the visit shifting in my mind, and the question of whether Connie had a useful mind entered my thoughts, though I quickly erased it. Surely it was too soon to make a judgment, no matter what this doctor was going to tell me in a few minutes. She was only a year and a half.

"Now, Mrs. X," the doctor was saying, "if you will come with me while Nurse gives Connie some lunch, we can have a chat alone."

I followed him into his office. It looked cheerless and smelled of stifling radiator heat.

"Well," he began, "I think I have a fairly clear idea of her mental quotient. Naturally it's not up to the eighteen months norm."

"Of course, Doctor," I agreed.

"Her motor behavior — that is, her physical coördination — is good, but her adaptive behavior is quite backward."

"But Doctor, can't we do something to bring her along, stimulate her curiosity, develop her self-reliance?" I asked.

He hesitated, picked up a pencil, and drew a circle within a circle on the pad by his hand. "If there isn't curiosity to develop, how can you develop it?" He went on to suggest that she be given a box, some clothesline, blocks within blocks, and simple objects in her pen. "Do this and then see if anything happens."

I felt a growing exasperation. "Do you mean, keep her in that pen, Doctor? How will she ever learn about her surroundings if we don't take that wretched pen away and let her crawl?"

He got up from his chair to terminate the appointment. "Of course you must recognize, Mrs. X, that ocular defects of this type sometimes go on back into the brain. You must not expect too much of this child." He opened the door and laid his hand on my shoulder. I shrank from his touch. "If possible, I should like to see Connie in a year. There may be some development then."

3

WHEN we were settled again in Georgetown, the family drifted back into the familiar groove. I had tried not to let myself dwell on the interlude with the psychologist. And then one day something happened which put a new complexion on everything. The nurse had her day off, and it occurred to me to put Connie in the middle of the living-room floor with her toys. She had never been in that

particular location before, out of her pen, where the horizon of her fingertips was only space, and where she touched only herself, her toys, and the rug on the floor under her.

I found myself silently imploring her to explore the Oriental carpet to locate the newspaper just beyond her reach and to play with it, to search for other things.

At first the child whimpered at the strange new position, then she began to grope around. I held my breath. She at once found the paper, crushed it in her arms, and giggled happily over the sharp crackle. She kneaded it, crumpled it, scratched her face with it, bit it, smelled it, banged it on the floor, rubbed her fingers together, feeling the grimy residue of the print on their tips. She found another sheet and threw it. It sailed crazily to one side of the couch, then settled in a tricorn on the ground with a stiff crackle a few feet beyond her reach. To my amazement, Connie shifted onto her knees for the first time in her eighteen months and crawled. She crawled directly to the paper and pounced upon it like a cat, locating it exactly. She hugged it again, played with it, threw it, crawled and found it again, squealing over the novelty of the game.

When the nurse came home at dinnertime, I told her all that had happened — how Connie had learned to crawl, to pull herself up against the furniture. Then with a new self-confidence, tempered by the remembrance of all she had done for Connie, I explained to the nurse that she would no longer be needed in the family.

"You have been devoted and wonderful," I said. "You have helped me more than I can say, to adjust to everything. But I feel it is time now for me to care for Connie myself."

In the weeks that followed, the world of sensation began to unfold before Connie like a puzzle that she could put together piece by piece. I let her crawl everywhere about the house, let her open the cupboards, dismantle the bookcases, and explore the kitchen, the back yard, the bathroom, the playgrounds across the street, the bustling sidewalk life of Georgetown. Gradually she solved the geography of the house, learning in one morning to climb onto and off the couch, inching along the table hand over hand to the easy chair, and around the chair to measure its girth. What an ordinary sighted child gains in one glance around the room, it took little Connie a whole crawling, touching, climbing, groping winter to learn. When at last she discovered the staircase, with the vertical uprights in the banister, she spent an entire day laboriously clambering on her knees up and down until she had mastered the problem of balance on the risers, and found the exact location of the three loose spokes.

She seemed so happily detached from her blindness and so busy exploring the possibilities of the other four senses that her handicap lost entirely for us the tragic significance Bill and I had first at-

tached to it. I visited schools for Braille and Sight-Saving, and marveled at the speed and accuracy with which the Braille students, running their fingers over the dots and using the stylus and slate, could read and write.

Connie might never drive a car or ride a bicycle, but we consoled ourselves by thinking that she could learn to ski, swim, roller-skate, travel anywhere with a Seeing-Eye dog, and come to know books and music. She could go through college, marry, have children and a home. It had all been done before by many courageous blind persons with a zeal for life magnified many times just because of their handicap.

But underlying my hope for Connie's future was a recurring mood of depression. The child was two years old and still had made no effort to talk or identify, with the simplest of sounds, either Bill or me. She still refused to step out on her feet alone. Her play pattern remained exasperatingly simple; she never put anything *into* anything else; each new toy was played with in the same elementary way. She would take the pegs out of the cart, turn them over in her fingers, put them into her mouth, and drop them down to the floor. She never seemed to grasp the relationship between the hole the peg had been in and the box that held the ball.

Deep down in my common sense it was impossible for me to ignore the psychologist's prognosis, when I caught Connie again and again going through that same simple play pattern.

4

AT LAST came the spring when, the war over, we could move out of the diminutive Georgetown house back to our home and our hilltop apple orchard in Wisconsin. I thought with joy of the airy, spacious modern house, the sturdy modern furniture which a little blind girl could bump and not tip over, and best of all the wind and space and green sloping lawn where Connie could learn to walk by herself, run, and ride a tricycle.

And it happened just that way. We had not been back long when, one sunny afternoon in May, Connie stood up from her pad on the lawn and walked off. It was as simple as that. I ran out to her, incredulous, and watched. The wind was billowing out the little girl's red and white checked dress and tossing the blonde curls. She hurried, head forward, groping everywhere with tiny tripping steps, finding the white chairs, the white picket fence, her pad light pink against the dark lawn, finding me, whose knees she grasped and hugged tightly.

The first words came two days later when the child said "Connie play pat-a-cake," and within a few days she was repeating simple nursery rhymes. This was really parrotry, but to Bill and me it was as if a door had been opened.

That was a marvelous summer. With every new day Connie was fitting fresh pieces into the puzzle of a vast new world. Sensations flowed into her brain and memory, through fingertips, tongue, and feet. Words were absorbed like water into a sponge, and when she sat down to lunch it was amusing to hear her call out the list of things on her plate entirely by benefit of smell, "Peas, chicken, nice apricots, chocolate cookie, tomato juice."

It was enthralling to observe the delicate tactile discernment of her hands when there was unfamiliar territory to explore. She would cautiously follow the wall from the entrance doorjamb until her fingers found a table; then on tiptoe and with hands fluttering delicately as butterflies over the surface, she would reach out to locate the lamp, pull the chain, pat the shade to test its resilience, touch the silver boxes, finger the ash tray, riffle the magazines. The adjacent chair had to be scratched, rubbed, smelled, cushions tested and pillowy corners probed. If her foot rubbed lightly against a wastebasket, she identified the thing immediately, calling it by name and bending down to examine all the contents, and picked out a paper to wave or crackle in the air. Or if, in her vagaries, she approached some bulky piece of furniture, that mysterious sixth sense seemed to warn her, and she stretched her hands out to it unerringly. She could thread her way through a cluttered room at night easily and deftly, slowly and surely, with tiny steps, waddling slightly from side to side to reinforce her balance.

But as time wore on and the little girl of two and a half developed into three and a half, there seemed to be no appreciable mental growth. True, the physical development was there, and memory too. Words were absorbed and used, and a sense of balance and awareness and coordination was developed which made me marvel. But her child's mind seemed to be numb, to fumble with small things and never to grasp the bigger relationships. She never asked questions and never comprehended her relationship to her parents and her sister Dorothy. The sense of possession, so outstanding in children of this age, was never demonstrated. She grew more and more detached, and if that detachment was disturbed, she immediately became fretful and lost her short temper. She was like a cat in her independence, her self-sufficiency, her aloofness, her solitary ways.

One night during the summer, Bill brought home a black Cocker puppy. It was bouncing about when Dorothy came into the living room.

"Daddy, what have you got?" she cried. She picked it up, and it wriggled right out of her hands, plopping to the floor.

"A present for you and Connie," he answered, pulling the puppy away from his shoelaces. "Go get Connie and bring her in to see it."

"Daddy, it's the cutest thing I ever saw," Doro-

thy called as she ran into the playroom where Connie was in her rocker. This rocking chair had come at Christmas time, and the child had used it so continuously that the music box under the seat had already begun to miss on several notes. When she rocked it, the abrupt, disconnected little tune seemed to have no place in the gay, friendly atmosphere of the house. It recurred monotonously—a thin, lonely, orphan-like tinkle, which seemed to express in a poignant way the isolation that was a part of Connie's happiness.

"Come on, Connie, come see the new puppy," said Dorothy, leading her out of the playroom.

Bringing her to the couch by the windows, Dorothy helped her up onto the cushions and dropped the puppy in her lap. It squirmed around till it settled in between the child's legs, and then was suddenly quiet. Her sensitive fingers passed lightly over the rough, warm little body. Then without a word she slid out of the couch, upsetting the pup onto the floor, and slowly walked back into the playroom, her hand trailing the intervening table and chairs to give her direction.

As I watched the grace of the child's body in her dark blue corduroys, the straight sturdy set of her shoulders, the upright tilt of her curly head, my throat tightened into a hard knot. The pathos in the sight of this little creature, so engaging and so appealing to the eye, and yet unconsciously cutting herself off from those who most wanted to love her, was heart-rending. I followed her, and saw her settle herself again in the rocker, her hands gripping the curved handles till the knuckles showed white, and her face puckering up in a tiny *moue* and smile of contentment. She resumed her rocking, and the tinkle of the music again stippled the air.

5

WATCHING the child, I had to fight the indelible, haunting memory of the psychologist's prognosis. It seemed to bear an increasingly accurate fulfillment. What was in the child's mind? Was there a mind, and did she have anything more than memory to develop? What was intelligence in a child, anyway?

I remember one summer afternoon when Dorothy tried to draw her younger sister into the children's group. "Connie, come play in the sandbox," said Dorothy, taking her hand to lead her across the lawn. The summer afternoon was drowsy, the crickets were whining in the shrubbery, and a lively wren was burbling in the elm tree. The children, two little boys and Dorothy, cool in brief playsuits, all came to bring Connie from the swing.

"No, no, Connie wants to swing," said her light, reedlike voice, and she petulantly shook off Dorothy's hand. Digging her fist into her eye, she began to whimper.

At a window in the kitchen overlooking the play yard, I overheard the children talking about her. "Doesn't she ever play with you?" one of the boys asked.

Dorothy explained that Connie liked to be by herself.

"What's it like not to see?" the boy continued. "I bet I'd bump into everything. Let's try it."

With his eyes closed, he began groping his way across the lawn, hands extended. Soon they were all making a game of it. Whenever they banged into a tree or the fence, they squealed with laughter. Connie, in the swing, lightly pushing herself up and down with her foot on the ground, was aloof and unaware.

When Dorothy came in after the boys had gone home, she said, "Mother, when can I have a little sister that sees? When can I, Mother?"

I continued shelling peas. "I can't say, darling. I hope some day you will."

"All the other children have brothers and sisters who play with them. If Connie would just play with us. But she's always by herself. I hate to have them make fun of her," she ended rather defiantly.

Incidents like this came with increasing frequency. Bitterly we had to concede that despite the love and affection lavished on Connie, the child never sought out any of the family, never called us by name, was happiest when left to herself. The only recognition she ever gave her older sister was to push her away when Dorothy tried to include her in the house and doll play with the little girls of the neighborhood. This aloofness became an increasingly difficult thing for Dorothy to understand.

I felt helpless. It was agonizing to watch this wall of detachment growing, and to find myself unable to check its growth or even to penetrate it with a constant love and affection. I spent an icy winter driving Connie three times a week, fifty miles a round trip, to a small nursery school in a near-by city, hoping the companionship of other children and the teaching of trained instructors would bring the little girl out of this hardening shell. But she derived no benefit from the group, and the aloofness grew and grew. I took constant care of Connie myself, believing that tenderness and affection would hurdle this isolation and bring her more closely into the circle. But this only heightened the child's self-preoccupation to the point where, if she didn't receive everyone's undivided attention, she kicked and screamed, quieting down only if put in her rocking chair. So immature was her understanding, that it was impossible to reason with her. She was apparently unaware of all our efforts to weave her into the family life.

Bill and I finally concluded that we must seek outside help. We corresponded with various institutions in the hope of finding a trained instructor

who would live with us, work with Connie tenderly, and attempt to develop the child's capabilities at home. But these efforts were fruitless, and after many conferences with Connie's doctors, we decided that the alternative was to place her where she would be well cared for by women whose training was in the field of blind children.

At last we found a nursery geared to normal blind children, where Connie could have the benefit of expert guidance, a fine nursery school, excellent physical care, and twenty other little tots like herself for companionship. With Connie emotionally secure, if there was a spark of intelligence in that sweet little blonde head, they would know how to ignite and nourish it into a lasting flame.

Connie, Bill, and I arrived at the nursery with a suitcase full of a winter's clothing. It was a day of crisp, invigorating sunlight and scurrying swirls of dry September leaves.

The nursery was a cheerful, sunny place, set back from the street in a large, well-kept lawn, and the people in charge were cheerful, sunny people. There was a big dormitory on the third floor and the sun was pouring in the large frame windows in deep warm rectangles on the floor. The spicy aroma of ginger cookies floated in the air as I went upstairs with the head nurse and Connie. The whole atmosphere of normalcy and good care was reassuring.

When we went into the room, Connie began her customary explorations about an unfamiliar place.

"She seems right at home," commented the nurse as the child was passing confidently from one piece of furniture to another.

"Yes," I answered briefly, unable to trust my voice. Now that the moment for leaving my child had come, I felt at a complete loss. I had counted on my rationalizing mind to see me through, but I hadn't known the degree to which this little personality had interwoven itself into my affections.

Connie was sitting happily on the floor, clanging a toy telephone vigorously on the linoleum, picking it up and dropping it, smiling and giggling at the satisfactory clatter it made. She was perfectly contented, entirely oblivious of Bill and me. Lingered by the wicker gate, I yearned to take Connie in my arms one last time, to feel the well-knit, supple little frame and the cool cheek against mine. But we turned away toward the staircase, conscious of a deep, deep sadness.

When we came downstairs and were talking with the nurse, a brisk tinkle of music suddenly dappled the air with its small, thin metallic staccato. I recognized the tune, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." It was coming from Connie's room.

"Connie has found a rocker," I said to the nurse. "I am so glad, for I know she will be happy with you."



As chief European correspondent for Reuters, ROBERT REUBEN scored a number of "firsts": he was the first D Day correspondent to land on the Continent, making his parachute jump with the 101st Airborne Division; he was in the first jeepload of correspondents to reach Paris, entering the city the night before its liberation; and he was with the first armored units to penetrate Belgium and Germany. While he was in Switzerland after the war, he had plenty of opportunity to observe the recklessness of Americans on skis.

GOING DOWN FAST!

The Swiss Look at American Skiers

by ROBERT REUBEN

I

THE American GI's have made their reputations on the skiing slopes of Switzerland. They have achieved in Swiss eyes an almost unearthly prestige for sheer, unbelievable foolhardiness. The Swiss are a cautious people who do everything methodically and well — especially skiing, which is their national pastime. But the GI's, with their reckless insistence on running the highest and hardest courses on their first days on skis, have delighted rather than dismayed their Swiss hosts.

The GI's have set a dangerous and unhappy precedent for other Americans. There is now a tendency to disappointment on the part of the Swiss if an American decides to follow the practical course of learning the sport step by step on easy slopes instead of trying to cram two years' training into a four-day army leave on a mountain.

"Why, the GI's always go right to the top, even if they can't ski," a Swiss is likely to say to an American who wants to spend his first few days on a "nursery slope." But the more thoughtful Swiss will tell you it's a good idea to get out of the way if you see an American uniform on skis coming down a slope.

"Chances are," one Swiss guide warned, "it is a GI who doesn't have the least idea what he's doing, except going down fast."

Any guide or instructor at Davos can tell you of innumerable cases of GI's who have insisted on ascending the top of the famous Parsenn run and trying the straight fourteen-kilometer descent to the bottom. "I am never surprised at the number of broken legs," one hotelkeeper, with the air of an oracle, told me. "The surprising thing is how many of those lads actually got down in one piece."

This bravado has impressed the Swiss more than all the war stories of American heroism combined.

It is something they actually can see and goggle at. The skiing exploits of the GI's in Switzerland immediately after the end of the war are epic.

In his modern medical clinic in Saint-Moritz, Dr. Paul Gut spends almost all of the winter months treating sprains and fractures for overambitious or unlucky skiers. The clinic is well situated, close to all the more frequented ski trails.

Dr. Gut is an expert on avalanche disasters, rescue operations, and all types of winter misfortunes, and is one of the bone specialists who are to be found in every Swiss winter resort. Special SOS telephones are located on the highest and most remote ski or climbing trails, connecting directly with rescue services. Rescue teams, who must pass state examinations to qualify for their jobs, are stationed in strategic chalets along the more popular ski runs.

The doctor divides what he calls the "normal" type of winter sport accidents into three classes: broken limbs, freezing, and avalanche disasters. Among his general recommendations for utility treatment is a shot of cognac, to be carried for emergencies in the rucksack — a much better plan for pain-killing, it seems to me, than the morphine ampoules supplied by the American Army. The best preventive for broken legs, he claims, is adequate pre-season training, particularly climbing, since ski lifts mean less muscular conditioning and training through the sport than in former years.

Once a sportsman is on the ski slopes, Dr. Gut's advice is short and to the point: "In going down, use the head and an immaculate ski technique."

The agile little doctor is an expert on how to dodge avalanches, and on how to get out of one if you don't dodge fast enough. Avalanches are seldom a concern for normal skiers or tourists. The

incomparable ski runs frequented by tourists in Switzerland are carefully laid out, and are not danger areas. But the really inveterate skiers who go in for crosscountry hikes (such as the eight-hour summer ski trek over the glaciers in the Swiss Jungfrauoch) are vulnerable.

"It is difficult to escape an avalanche once it starts rolling," Dr. Gut explains. If you see one coming and can't escape, the first rule, he says, is to pull off your skis and sticks and throw them away, because they serve as anchors to pull you down and hold you down. "Fight to get to the surface and to the edge," he advises. "If you are covered, fight to get room around your elbows. Put your hands and arms in front of your face like a boxer when you go down."

Another bit of advice is offered to skiers who have escaped only to see a companion buried by an avalanche. "You can help by digging in the snow with the tops of your sticks. Before you start out to get help from the valley for a friend covered by an avalanche, especially if dusk is approaching, mark the place of accident in points — the spot where the victim was caught and where he was last seen before he disappeared in the snow."

In such an emergency the rescuers are a doctor and the avalanche hounds, those remarkable Swiss dogs trained to smell their way down to a person covered by an avalanche. The remaining members of the party are encouraged to make soundings for the friend with their sticks.

2

LIKE the rest of the Swiss resorts, Saint-Moritz had a difficult season last year. British visitors, who have always predominated in Swiss tourism, have declined alarmingly in numbers, because of English travel and financial restrictions. The Swiss count the British as primary tourists in both winter and summer. The hoteliers also complained last year that wine had not sold as it had in previous years, and there's a standard maxim in Swiss hostelry: "If the *cave* doesn't go, it's a bad season."

The Swiss have their own system for estimating the value of a tourist season. Visitors are counted in terms of *Logiernächte* — that is, the number of beds slept in each night. That means that anyone spending a month in Saint-Moritz will be counted thirty times. The tourist office contends that this is only fair since, they say, other countries obviously have similar and equally mysterious ways of arriving at their tourist figures.

While the number of beds slept in by native Swiss rose from 1,480,000 in the three winter months of 1938-1939 to 2,626,000 in tourist centers in 1947-1948, the number slept in by foreigners dropped from 1,879,000 to 1,492,000 in the same period.

Tourists or no tourists, the Swiss pour into the

mountains every week-end. Because the country is so small, only one tenth of the size of California, almost everyone is close enough to a mountain to spend a day or two a week skiing. It is estimated that close to 800,000 Swiss ski, one fifth of the total population. Trains are crowded with skiers on week-ends, and special buses, equipped with special ski racks, leave every Sunday morning for a day in the mountains, returning at night with an exhausted and wet lot of passengers.

Wengen is the headquarters for the Association of Swiss Ski Schools, which plays such a prominent role in the education of both foreigners and Swiss. There are about 650 mountain guides and 550 ski "professors" at the various resorts, all of whom must have diplomas and take annual refresher courses and examinations. In addition, there are 1500 part-time Swiss instructors, and some cantons have their own licenses, comparable to a medical or legal shingle in the States. Some of the Swiss instructors switch to mountain climbing in summer, but most tend their small farms or work in hotels during the warm weather.

Although the rescue services in Davos report that they sometimes get as many as ten or fifteen emergency calls a day on a busy week-end, Christian Rubi, the executive secretary of the Association of Swiss Ski Schools and a fine skier himself, states that there are only fifteen or twenty fractures in a normal Wengen season. "Fifty per cent of these could easily be prevented by controlled skis. We have two thousand skiers a day during the season. Out of fifteen or twenty thousand runs a week, I think we have perhaps one broken leg.

"Soft snow is the most dangerous. You might think that if the snow were soft, you could fall and not get hurt, and that hard snow would be dangerous. It is just the opposite. You have control on hard snow, but you break through the soft snow and stop too quickly, and you can't turn or control your skis so well."

Mr. Rubi finds that leg injuries lead the list, followed by hand, arm, rib, and head injuries — which are very rare. "When we have two feet of snow during the night, everyone rushes up the mountain the next morning. Then they all ski down like fools and twist their legs."

Wengen is a good example of how the Swiss prepare for accidents. The men who make up the patrols are professionals hired by the season.

Ski patrols ride up the mountain with every train and follow each batch of skiers down the slopes. When they spot an accident, they ski to the first SOS telephone and call for a stretcher-toboggan. Thirty to forty minutes after an accident, the casualty is in a hospital. The sledges are kept in chalets along the slopes, and an adequate number wait at the top. They are equipped with mattresses, hot tea, blankets, hot-water bottles, bandages, splints, medicines, and other emergency supplies.

Two men handle the sledges, one at each end holding on to long wooden handles. A good ski patrol goes down the wily slopes with an injured man in a sledge as easily and quickly as most individual skiers.

"A man is wrapped in blankets, gets a hot-water bottle at his feet, a warm drink, and a splint, and arrives at the hospital a short time after the sledge reaches him," Rubi explains. The patrols get plenty of amateur help from other skiers, as there are few activities with as much *esprit* and interdependency as skiing.

The sledges in Wengen are Canadian luges (Canadian type, but made in Switzerland) and the Bernese mountain sleds which the farmers use to carry their wood to the villages. Every winter, a British ski club in Wengen called "Downhill Only" donates a couple of sledges to the rescue service. The British tourists, being a clubby lot, restrict non-British membership in Downhill Only to 10 per cent, but any nationality in distress is permitted to utilize the donated rescue sledges.

If a casualty is serious, the Swiss are ready with superservice. "If a man is injured on the long runs above Davos, he is made comfortable on a luge and carted down the hill," Rubi continues. "If he doesn't want to go to the small clinic at Davos, he's skied right to the train, put aboard still in his luge, and taken to Zurich, where he is removed to the hospital. Thus he goes nonstop from an isolated ski run near Davos to a modern hospital in Zurich without being moved from the luge, which would be painful and might aggravate his injuries."

Language is never a barrier to a foreign skier in Switzerland. The Swiss have three official lan-

guages of their own, and handle almost anything that comes along. Ski instructors shout instructions to pupils as they shoot past on the slope, changing the language from minute to minute to suit the nationality of each passing student. Rubi has published a dictionary of ski terms in four languages. The problem is more complicated on the ski trails, as a speeding skier isn't likely to stop to hunt for his own tongue on multilingual signboards. The practical Swiss solve this with pictures. A pretty train painted on a sign means you're approaching tracks, and a sign with a wavy line warns of bumps. The GI's don't bother about either.

It was in Wengen that I was most seriously impressed with the impact of the GI's in Switzerland. A Swiss friend talked me into taking the cable train to the highest slope on the range. As the train pulled slowly up the mountain, I watched with growing alarm as the skiers flew around narrow edges and bounced across the fearsome Wengen bumps.

"Charley, I honestly don't think I ought to try this the first time out."

"But the GI's do it all the time," he protested, with surprise written all over his face. "They've never been on skis before and they go right to the top and go down."

I remained silent for the remainder of the ride lest I destroy this great Swiss illusion about Americans, but just before I started down the slope, fear prompted me to reopen the matter.

"Charley," I asked, "those GI's who have never been on skis and go right to the top — don't they ever break their legs?"

"Oh, all the time!" he replied happily.



WINTER SONG

by EDWARD WEISMILLER

BE SURE that the winter will come to the arbor,
Expect that the leaves of the flowers will go
(Less shining than summer's, oh, leaving their ardor)
Under, and over, and under the snow.
Death is the strict completion of order.
(*What we were taught, we know.*)

Summer's obscure, but winter is open;
Summer's profuse, but winter is slow
And clear and exact as a wave of the ocean:
Up to that wave we go.
*Why do you rise, with your face turned ashen?
What do you still not know?*



We Americans, says LYNN WHITE, JR., have the world's most consistent equalitarian society. But have we rethought our education in terms of our breach with the aristocratic tradition? His answer is a flat "No" — and in the article which follows, he points up three of the most glaring shortcomings in our college education. This paper has been drawn from his forthcoming book, Educating Our Daughters, which Harper will publish early this year. Educated at Stanford and at Harvard, Dr. White has been President of Mills College since 1943.

EDUCATING WOMEN IN A MAN'S WORLD

by LYNN WHITE, JR.

I

WE in the United States claim to be developing "complete" men and women — men and women so aware of the best that has been thought and felt by mankind, and so familiar with the path our race has traveled, that they are worthy members of our common pilgrimage. Yet in fact our colleges and universities have almost entirely disregarded the interests, aptitudes, and accomplishments of three vast and overlapping segments of mankind: (1) the Orient, (2) the nine tenths of humanity who until recently were socially submerged, and (3) women. To phrase the matter differently, our education has been designed for the Occidental male aristocrat. The geographic, democratic, and feminist revolutions, which have remade the world in which we live, have scarcely begun to affect our formal preparation to live in that world.

Global peace is not going to be had by setting American students to reading *Sakuntala* and the *Tao Te King* any more than our entry into war with Italy and Germany in 1941 was prevented by the high esteem in which Dante and Goethe are held among us. But it will hardly be denied that many of the miscalculations of our foreign policy towards Asia, blunders for which we have paid and shall continue to pay in blood and gold, are in part traceable to the fact that we Americans limit our horizon with the blinders of a North Atlantic education which gives us no understanding of the ancient, proud, and in many ways sophisticated peoples whom we face across the Pacific. If we insist on reading Great Books, possibly a list compiled from the non-Occidental traditions might do us more good at this particular moment of history when our power seems so greatly to have outrun our competence. Limitations of a student's time, and of the funds of most colleges and universities for curricular expansion, will make the process of

change long and slow. But even a small college has a duty to break the shell of the Occident with a rich offering in either Islamic, Indic, East Asiatic, or Russian studies, and to encourage students to prepare themselves a bit better to become citizens of the world by taking a few courses outside the circle of their own cultural tradition.

It is ironic that the thin upper crust of cultivated Orientals is already getting a global education still unavailable to most Americans. The educated Syrian reads his Koran and Voltaire; the Chinese knows Mencius, Dewey, and Bertrand Russell; the Hindu is familiar with the Bhagavad-Gita and Dickens. At times this produces a mere glib cosmopolitanism, but those of us who are fortunate enough to meet a good many educated Asiatics often have an uncomfortable sense of being intellectually outclassed: they have encompassed more of human experience than we.

Until less than two hundred years ago a "liberal" education was valid in the sense that it was truly fitted to the pattern of life of the upper classes which monopolized it. But from the later eighteenth century onward there has come a seismic movement which Ortega y Gasset has called "the revolt of the masses." At its best it is democracy, but both fascism and communism are corrupt expressions of it, since both, like democracy, are anti-aristocratic.

We Americans have achieved so coherent a set of social attitudes and economic habits growing out of "the revolt of the masses," we have given every individual such status (or at least every white individual), that we recoil from such words as "the masses" and even from the hint of condescension in such phrases as "the common man." We have the world's oldest and most consistent equalitarian society.

But have we rethought our education in terms

of our breach with the aristocratic tradition? In quantitative terms the answer is clear: we have made available all levels of education, and particularly that of the colleges and universities, to a larger part of the population than ever before enjoyed them in any nation. This has been done not merely by setting up a vast network of tax-supported institutions but also by establishing hundreds of independent colleges and universities. Their general endowments, which reduce the cost of education to all their students, are supplemented by special endowments of scholarships for needy persons, on a scale unknown elsewhere.

2

IN ONE sense, then, we have democratized higher education. But in another and more important way we have not done so. The "liberal" education which was worked out to meet the needs of the old aristocracy of priests and nobles was essentially contemplative, focused on understanding things rather than doing things. Such an education was fitted functionally to their position in the world: they gave orders, and to give clear and wise orders they needed "trained minds" — that is, minds trained to think clearly, weigh evidence, and grasp all aspects of a problem. Since, by and large, they did not have to carry out orders, training in the specific ways of doing things was irrelevant to them.

The democratic revolution, together with the growth of technology so intimately connected with it, has destroyed the old simplicities which made legitimate a sharp distinction between "liberal" and "vocational" education. The whole idea of a purely vocational education is aristocratic and patronizing because it implies that some people are fit for nothing but to be trained to work. But democracy is grounded in a bold faith that every man is capable of rising to the level of political judgment which once was expected only of the aristocracy. Moreover, while the old ideal of the "gentleman of leisure" has fallen into disfavor, the forty-hour week has given most Americans an amount of leisure which to former generations would have seemed as fantastic as our political responsibilities. A democratic education must therefore above all else try to develop those capacities for thinking, understanding, and enjoying which have been the goals of traditional "liberal" education; for the democratic revolution has ennobled us all.

On the other hand it has made workers of us all. Even men who might be able to live on their investments generally make at least a pretense of working, in order to avoid disapproval. But more important for our educational thinking than this new attitude towards work is the fact that jobs have become so specialized and intricate that increasingly the preparation for them is being transferred from the level of apprenticeship to that of formal

schooling. What once were trades are becoming professions.

Indeed the three traditional "learned" professions of divinity, medicine, and law would seem to offer the pattern for a truly democratic higher education because they have always combined liberal education with vocational training, emphasis on skill in doing things with a sense of the importance of grasping the implications of what one is doing.

Now that we have abolished inherited class distinctions and functions, we are all masters and all servants. We must create, and indeed for the first time in history we are in a position to create, an education embracing and interpreting the entire experience of mankind, including that of labor.

This means that technology in the broadest sense must be included in general education and studied in a humanistic mood on a par with art, religion, science, politics, literature, and every other major concern of the race. It will not be easy, for the gulf between liberal and vocational education has been so deep that our technologists still normally have only the attitude of servants towards their work: that is, they are so involved in the immediate job to be done that they seldom ask the meaning of what they are doing, or speculate about its significance in the total framework of human life. Such narrowness impoverishes all of us.

To be as concrete as possible, we shall not have built a new liberal education in democratic terms until we can give in our colleges a course on the internal-combustion engine as humanely conceived as a course on Shakespeare's plays.

We must not neglect our Shakespeare, but the average American — even the average educated American — has far more frequent and intimate contact with automobiles and airplanes than with the theater. The people clustered around a new model of car parked by the curb, the way they lift the hood and peer at its entrails, show an instinctive grasp of the value of skill which has been omitted from the education they receive. If that education enabled us to see in every such engine a monument of an ongoing tradition, a record of human gropings, stupidities and genius, a symbol of our debt to a host of ancestors and a sermon on our duty to serve the age, humanistic attitudes might be more easily inculcated than at present.

The core of traditional liberal education has been the understanding and appreciation of the experience of values. In America we have made a gigantic effort to extend to all the people the liberal education which was once a perquisite of privilege, yet the degree of real personal cultivation which we have achieved is disappointing. We have failed because our humanism has not been humane enough to include the experience of the value of skill which has always been, and which remains, more vivid to the bulk of mankind than any other value, and which, if properly understood, would serve as guide

to the other values cultivated traditionally in our schools. The democratizing of education is far more than a matter of sending everybody to school: it involves reshaping the educational inheritance from the aristocratic age and expanding both its content and its sympathies to meet the needs of our time.

3

IN addition to our educational neglect of the Orient and of the once voiceless masses of mankind, we have overlooked in our schools the specific interests and activities of women. Since it is to the advantage of men to live with women and learn to like them, the masculine bias of our education cheats men as well as women. But it is harder, much harder, on women than on men.

A woman must be educated to handle options more fundamental than any which ever confront a man. The pattern of a man's existence is fairly simple. He is born; he is educated partly to be a person and partly to earn a living; he earns a living, gets a wife, begets children, and works until he dies. The pattern of a woman's life today is essentially different. After she graduates from college she is faced with her first major choice: family or career (although "career" is a glamour word for the kind of jobs most women can get!). If a man marries he must work harder than ever at his career; there is no conflict. Yet, despite all the brave phrases which are currently fashionable, a married woman who tries to combine the two usually has either a token career or a token family, at least so long as her children are young.

Moreover the woman who marries and takes her family seriously must be prepared to face a second distinctively feminine option. Twenty or twenty-five years after marriage, when normally she is in her forties, she may still have a husband about the house who needs some care and affection, but the children, who have taken the bulk of her time since she left college, have grown up and established their own homes. What is she to do with her released energies and intelligence during the next three decades? For the second time in her life she must choose as a man never chooses; for even to do nothing is to choose.

The failure of our educational system to take into account these simple and basic differences between the life patterns of average men and women is at least in part responsible for the deep discontent and restlessness which afflict millions of women. But this inadequacy in our schools presents merely one part of a much wider problem, the outline of which has only recently begun to be seen. We are learning that the leaders of the feminist revolution, which during the past three generations has so largely changed the way men and women think about each other and treat each other, did not understand the forces which led them to revolt. They

refused to recognize that some of their weapons in the battle for reform were boomerangs. They failed — forgivably! — to foresee the less happy results of their enthusiasm.

American feminism has achieved much; but beneath the surface of the seeming freedom which women enjoy in the United States, there is in the hearts of millions of them a strange sense of bondage. Whether American women as a group are more unhappy than the women of other countries is a question which cannot yet be answered. But it is certain that American women are much more deeply discontented with themselves and their lives than are American men.

America's deepest spiritual malady is lack of respect among its women both for themselves as persons and for themselves as a group. We have accepted the theory of equality between women and men, but we are far from achieving the substance of it. The task will not be complete until women respect women as much as they do men, until women by achieving respect for themselves win the full respect of men, and until women are as glad to be women as men are to be men.

What has gone wrong in our own nation that so many of our women should doubt, resent, or repudiate their womanhood? The heart of the trouble lies in the fact that within the last one hundred fifty years industrialism and the urban growth which accompanies it have largely taken from women their former economic productivity and have forced upon them the pair of difficult choices mentioned above: first, of family or job; second, what to do when the children grow up.

In the pre-industrial world of peasant villages and of small towns serving an agricultural hinterland, a woman worked as hard as her husband and, like him, kept on working until death. Because the work was done at home, or near-by, there was no contradiction between rearing a family and laboring to feed and clothe it. Work was decentralized and therefore compatible with the family. When the children grew up and married, they usually lived close by, and the economic and social unity of the family remained unbroken.

The factory-and-office system of centralized labor, the feverish and infinitely wasteful rush and counter-rush of commuters from home to work and back again, have made it very hard for a married woman with children to add to the family purse as once she did habitually, even though she may have the best of will to do so. So much has been said in recent years of "career women" and "woman's increasing place in economic life" that the primary fact is overlooked that less of the world's work is done by women today than ever before in history. Until industrialism and the growth of cities prevented most women from working, every woman was a "career woman." In a pre-industrial society a man needed a woman economically as

much as a woman needed a man, but under the conditions of modern mechanized city life this reciprocity between husband and wife has been unbalanced.

4

THE differences between men and women are as significant as their similarities, and the two sexes cannot properly be measured with the same yardstick. Physically, this is obvious. To point out that many a high school boy has broken the women's international record for throwing the discus is like remarking that very few men nurse infants. Such observations have nothing to do with one's opinion regarding equality, or the lack of it, between the sexes. Even the assertion that women are physically "superior" to men because of their greater life expectancy may be rejected as putting too much stress on the mere durability of women. Most of us are prepared to accept the notion that in bodily structure and function women and men are incommensurable but equal in dignity. It would seem that if women are to restore their self-respect they must reverse the tactics of the older feminism which indignantly denied inherent differences in the intellectual and emotional tendencies of men and women. Only by recognizing and insisting upon the importance of such differences can women save themselves, in their own eyes, from conviction as inferiors.

What this conclusion implies for our present structure of women's higher education is obvious, and to many it will be painful. Both on coeducational campuses and in women's colleges we have assumed that for educational purposes a woman is a man in disguise. Our few women scholars have had to fight so hard for professional acceptance that as a rule they have passionately embraced the male standards of accomplishment according to which they were required to strive for recognition. So profoundly masculine is our whole tradition of higher education that at the present time a woman tends to be defeminized in proportion as she is educated.

Our women's colleges have done little more than our coeducational institutions to explore and develop a distinctively feminine higher education. Indeed, the women's colleges are a remarkable illustration of the pervasiveness of the masculine dominance in our society. It may have been necessary in the historical context of the past century to prove that women were intellectually tough enough to undertake the same studies men did, and certainly the proof was produced. But it is clear that the leaders of women's higher education on the northeast seaboard thought that they were doing their full duty in making women's colleges as much like men's colleges as possible. The symbol of this attitude is the blessed word *euthenics* (presumably

a label for family studies — although no Greek would have understood it so!) behind which Vassar tried to conceal its belated and embarrassed recognition of the fact that it is girls who study at Poughkeepsie. That Radcliffe, which is in curricular bondage to Harvard and which got around only in the autumn of 1948 to appointing the first woman professor to its faculty, should be regarded by otherwise perspicacious women as anything but a piteous example of female docility, indicates how rudimentary our thinking in these matters remains.

Men and women are remarkably like each other, and remarkably unlike each other. Since men, often with malicious intent, have generally stressed the differences, the feminists battling against masculine domination naturally emphasized the identities. Surely if we are to achieve the American ideal of equality in dignity between men and women, it must be an equality of differences as well as an equality of identities. We must agree with the feminists that "women are people," yet hold to the supplementary truth that "people are either women or men." The sex differentiation is fundamental. If we are to rear our daughters to be proud that they are women, we must end our present peculiar habit of educating them as though they were men.

A higher education specifically designed for women would in no way limit the opportunities of the individual girl to learn and do what she wishes. The fact that she is a girl does not make her less an individual. Lise Meitner's calculations played a critical part in the release of atomic energy, and the Meitners of the future must be encouraged by every possible means. But the fact that there are, and (according to many psychologists) probably will always be, far fewer women than men in the ranks of great mathematicians should not lead a girl to esteem herself and her sex less highly. As a people we have vastly overrated cultural creativity. Our uncritical acceptance of "progress" as good in itself is the measure of the masculine dominance in our culture.

It is as important to cherish as to create, and the one takes as much intelligence as the other, although perhaps of a different kind. The Chinese, who have thought more deeply than we about such matters, and particularly about relations between the sexes, have abstracted these two life-permeating activities as the coequal principles of Yang and Yin, which in turn they identify with man and woman. A steam engine needs not only a boiler but a flywheel. Our higher education must redress the balance in its judgment of values. It must encourage those who wish to conserve, as well as those who wish to originate, what is good, true, beautiful, useful, and holy. Only in such an intellectual atmosphere will girls learn to accept themselves as fully the equals of men.



An Atlantic Story



MARY LAVIN does her writing today looking out on one of the loveliest curves of the River Boyne with the famous Hill of Tara rising above the distant trees. A protégée of Lord Dunsany, she turned to the Atlantic with her first short stories, which when published in 1942 in book form, under the title *Tales from Bective Bridge*, were awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize. Her first novel, *The House in Clewe Street*, was serialized in our columns, and we are happy to announce that her second, *Mary O'Grady*, has just been published.

THE CONVERT

by MARY LAVIN

AT HALF past three in the afternoon, while Elgar was up in the storeroom over the shop, he heard Miss Mongon calling upstairs to Maimie, and he knew that everything was over. Now, he would have to call to offer his condolences.

All week, when it was whispered about the town that she was sinking rapidly, it was of her parents he thought, and not of Naida at all. Would they expect him to call and inquire for her? Or would it only distress them to see him?

If only he had not let so long pass without going to see them! That was what made things so difficult now. It was nothing else. If only he had called to see them four years ago, as he intended to do, when he and Maimie came back from Dublin after their marriage. Only for Maimie he would have gone.

"They'll give a nice look at you!" she said.

"Not when I tell them I came to apologize!"

"For what?" said Maimie, slyly.

"For the way I left the house that morning," he said.

But Maimie only smirked. "Is that all?" she said.

Poor Maimie; her marriage hadn't been all that she hoped, and it made her feel better to think that she had taken him from someone else.

They weren't long back from Dublin when she began to repeat some nonsense she picked up from the customers in the shop.

"I hear Naida Paston is complaining of terrible headaches," she said. "That's something new, isn't it? We never heard anything about her having headaches, did we?"

He guessed at once what was in the back of her

mind. "You ought to know," he said shortly. "You were her best friend, weren't you?"

Then, another day, when they were sitting down to their dinner, in the stuffy room behind the shop, she looked across the table at him.

"I hear Naida Paston is no better," she said, and then she took up her knife and fork. "It must be true, what my mother used to say, that a girl that's jilted is never the same afterwards."

He could have struck her. But by that time she was expecting Birdie, so he could only look at her with contempt.

"Don't look at me like that!" she cried. "Don't forget the night she came bursting into this very room and made such a scene about you!"

Oh that night! Only for thinking about it he might have made another effort to visit the Pastons after Birdie was born, while Maimie was in bed, and could not stop him. It was for the child's sake he wanted to make up with them then. If anything ever happened to him, it would be nice for her to be friends with people like the Pastons, and not be completely smothered by her mother and her mother's people.

But at the last minute, when he had brushed his suit and was ready to go out the door, he faltered. Perhaps Maimie was right and they would not forgive him, although no matter what she or anyone else might say, the only thing the Pastons could hold against him was the way he stole out of their house that morning. Even now, four years later, it gave him a sick feeling in his stomach to think of the way he threw his suitcase out of the window and let himself out after it. He had acted like a son of the

house who if he were caught would have been locked up in a closet until the train had left the station. Instead of that he was practically a stranger. Well — if not exactly a stranger, at least there were limits to the intimacy between them. After all, he was paying his way, and although they were very kind to him he had spent the greater part of his time in his room studying.

Just because they were of his own way of thinking was no reason for him to feel any constraint upon his liberty. Quite truly, even before he met Maimie at all, that meant very little to him. If it was a factor at all, it only mattered to him inasmuch as that there being very few other Protestants in the locality, there would probably be very few callers. Indeed, only for Maimie, Naida did not seem to have any friends at all. And Maimie had probably pushed her way into their house out of curiosity, and uninvited, when they first came to the town, as indeed she did upon the first day he himself arrived in the town.

"Who is this?" he asked in surprise as he saw her coming towards them across the grass when he and Naida were taking a walk before supper.

"Oh, it's Maimie Sully," cried Naida. "She's my best friend," she added hastily, but he saw that she looked back uneasily at the house, and he guessed at once that whatever Naida might feel, the visitor, whoever she was, was not well regarded by Naida's parents.

Not that Maimie herself seemed to mind what they or anybody else thought of her. It was true that just once, as she came up to them, she gave a little nervous glance, just as Naida had done, towards the windows of the house behind them. But almost at once she gave a defiant little laugh and came forward. Before she spoke, that little laugh spoke for her.

I know you don't want me, it seemed to say, but that's always the way with people until I am a little while with them, and then they won't let me go away!

Her actual words were more formal. "I hope I'm not intruding, Naida," she said. "I didn't know your visitor had arrived!" While she spoke, her eyes went past Naida and took him in from head to foot, and he knew that she was telling a lie. But he felt flattered. "Naida was telling me about you," she said. "You're at Trinity, aren't you?"

The words were simple enough, but there was something unaccountably flattering in the way Maimie said them, and her lively eyes were upon him all the time.

"What are you going to be?" she asked, without waiting for his reply.

That amused him. It was the typical bourgeois question. But instead of seeing the abyss that yawned between them at that moment, he saw only her flattering gaze upon him, and he laughed good-humoredly.

Maimie didn't stay long that day. Glancing at the little gold watch on her wrist, she sprang to her feet. "Oh dear. I must fly! Owdie Hicks will be waiting for me."

It was the second or third time she had mentioned the name.

"Who is Owdie Hicks?" he asked impulsively.

"He's one of my admirers," said Maimie, without a smile.

When she was gone his thoughts still dwelt on her.

"Where does she live?" he asked Naida, as they walked back towards the house.

"Her mother keeps a shop in the town," said Naida, and she stopped. "You can see the back of the house from here," she said, and looking where she pointed, he saw the back windows of a few tall houses, and among them one taller than the others, from the windows of which a full view could be had of the Pastons' house and lawn.

2

HE didn't see Maimie for several days after that first day, but once or twice when he took out his books to study under the trees, and Naida came and sat down quietly beside him, he looked instinctively at the back windows of Sully's house. Did Maimie ever look out at them? It was a wonder she had not made them another visit.

Then one afternoon when he went into the town on a message he ran into her in the street.

"Oh, hello," she said, and stopped. "How are you getting along?" But she didn't give him time to answer. "I was telling Owdie Hicks about you," she said. "I was telling him how glad I was that you were so nice —" She paused for a minute, and then went on with a laugh, "For Naida's sake, I mean! She's one of my best friends, you know, and I always said she wasn't such a stick as people thought. I always said that you couldn't expect her to have followers, like the rest of us, when there were no young men in the town. No young men of her own kind, I meant," she explained with emphasis, and then she laughed again. "There are plenty of my kind," she added, "but as I said to Owdie, I knew someone of her own kind would turn up some day; someone like you."

Was she trying to provoke him? He ought to have been annoyed with her, but instead he felt irritated with Naida. Had she been talking about him? And what had she been saying? It did not occur to him then that Maimie's words could have been calculated to have the effect they had upon him.

"I think you must have been misinformed about my relations with the Pastons," he said stiffly, but when he saw that she was still laughing at him, he got irritable. "Anyway I don't know what you're talking about!" he said. "Naida is only a child."

For a minute Maimie did not answer him, and he

looked up. He saw with surprise that her eyes were full upon him.

"She's the same age as me," she said then, slowly and deliberately. "Do you think I'm a child?"

There was no mistaking the meaning behind her words. There was no ignoring the invitation in her eyes. All of Maimie was in the look she gave him at that moment; all her boldness, and all her vulgarity, and all her vanity, but all her provocative charm was in it as well, and her eager appetite for admiration. That look was his undoing.

From that moment he was restless and unsettled. When he went back to the Pastons' house he did not tell Naida he had met her friend, and when evening came he felt an unconquerable urge to stroll into the town again.

He was hardly aware of where he was going until he looked up and saw that he was outside Sully's shop. It startled him for a minute to read the name on the showboard, but yet when he raised his eyes to the upper windows, he was not surprised to see Maimie standing at one of them looking down at him.

That was the beginning, and there was no going back afterwards. It was only a matter of a few weeks until the tremendous evening when everything was settled, and he made up his mind to throw up everything — his studies, his religion, everything; and to run away with Maimie.

But how had Naida heard about their plans? And how did she know that he was there the night she made that ignominious visit to Maimie's house? How had it happened that she had not been stopped in the hall, or in the passage, but had surprised them alone in the stuffy parlor back of the shop, he with his arm so foolishly wound round Maimie's waist?

He had often suspected Maimie. Maimie had enjoyed that outrageous scene. When he tried to pull his arm from around her waist, she had caught his hand and held it. The things she had said! He couldn't remember them now, but he knew they poured out from her; so different from Naida, with her single passionate cry.

"Is it true?"

That cry rang in his ears to this day. To this day it wrung his heart.

"How can you do it?" she cried, when he made no reply.

How Maimie had bridled. "What do you mean?" she cried, and thrust herself between them. "Naida Paston," she said, "I don't know who let you into my house to behave like this, but I know one thing! You're not going to prevent me from having him just because you couldn't get him for yourself!"

Oh, how had he listened to it? She might just as well have lifted her hand and struck the girl in the face.

Indeed, Naida drew back as if she had been struck. Over her face there had come an expression that he would never forget as long as he lived. It

was as if in that moment only for the first time, she had seen how she must appear to Maimie; perhaps even to him.

"Oh!" she cried, and her hands flew to her face. "Oh!" she cried again, and she turned to him. "Oh, that's not it at all!" she said, and desperate with entreaty, her eyes had sought his. "You know that, don't you?" she begged. "It's only that —" She paused, and put her hand up to her forehead, as if she had become confused, or as if she had felt some tension there, or some pain.

Yes! She had put up her hand to her head that day: he recalled it distinctly. She must have had those pains in her head even then: four years ago. How so could it possibly be said that they had anything to do with him; that they had been brought on by grieving for him? Yes: she had put her hand to her forehead that day.

"It's only that —" But she could not say any more. And then, for one moment, their eyes had met.

So, sometimes, in mid-air, two birds come together for an instant, almost crashing together, and seeming to cross beaks, to kiss as it were, and then, with a lightning twist, circling divinely, they are gone their ways again.

Are they mates? Are they mating? Have they some message to exchange, or is it, just, that finding themselves together alone in the blue air, with the animal and vegetable world stretched far below them, they become intoxicated with a feeling of recognition; of being in that great blue element, two creatures exactly alike! Will they meet again? Are they parting forever? It matters not. Feather by feather, till they fall to the clay, they will be alike, those two.

"Naida!" he cried.

But she burst into tears and ran towards the door. Another moment and they heard her footsteps running along the silent street outside.

"Well!" Maimie had caught his arm and put it round her waist again. "I ought to be glad I got you when some people are ready to go to such lengths for you!"

That warm, soft waist: how it had seduced him again in a moment!

3

WELL; that was four years ago, and even now, after four years of marriage, she could, if she liked at any time, make a fool of him again.

Yes; the mother of a big child like Birdie, and expecting another child, Maimie still had the same hold over him. He went to the window and looked out. In the yard under the window their little girl was hopping about on the cobblestones. He looked down at her. She was well named, a chubby creature, all body, hopping about on little thin legs that she nevertheless put down firmly under her with

every step she took, so that inside her little patent-leather shoes one could imagine her small toes tightening down in their grip upon the ground.

She was the image of her mother; the image of Maimie. She was like her in appearance, and like her in character, and by imitation she was getting like her in a hundred small mannerisms. Not for the first time, but perhaps more poignantly than ever before, he felt a stab at his heart, and the painful love he had for the child tightened its strangle hold upon him.

Apart altogether from the natural bonds of blood, he was drawn towards this child in another way, as if her differences from him, her likeness to her mother, gave him the obsessive attachment to her of the wrongdoer to his victim.

What was she doing now? He tapped on the glass, but the child, absorbed in play, did not hear him. After watching her for a few minutes, he tapped again. This time Birdie's attention seemed to have been caught, because she turned around, and looked back at the house. But she did not raise her head to the upper windows and in a lower window of the house someone else must have been watching her too, because she ran back to the house and for a minute he could not see her until she ran out again to the middle of the cobbles with a slice of bread in her hand.

Who gave it to her?

He listened to the sounds from below. There was only the sound of the servant girl whistling at her work, and a clatter of dishes in the sink.

Maimie was probably still lying down after the heavy meal she ate at midday. Except for a feeling of heaviness after eating, her pregnancy had no ill effect upon her.

A curiosity about the new unborn child entered his mind for the first time. Would it be like Birdie? All at once he hoped that it would not be like her. He did not want this child, also, to be all Maimie. He did not want it to be like her; or like her family. And yet he did not want it to be like him either.

What did he want? He stared out of the window.

Suddenly a forgotten image awakened in response to his question.

On the mantelpiece in the Pastons' drawing room there had been a photograph in a little silver frame. The stand at the back was broken, and it was more often than not upon its face, but he had taken it up one day and looked at the picture in it; a picture of a little girl with limp yellow hair hanging docilely down by the sides of her thin face, from which the large eyes looked out with a steady and serious regard.

At the time it had seemed to him that the child was plain, but now he knew that the look upon its face was the look that he yearned for, but never would see, upon the face of a child of his own. For the child in the picture was Naida.

Naida! All at once he was assailed by thoughts of

her, and his mind was invaded by such poignant memories that he put up his hands to his head, and he ran towards the door.

He could not stay alone. He opened the door and plunged into the passage. The small steep stairway before him might have been a black hole down which he flung himself headlong.

"For Heaven's sake! What kind of a way is that to come down the stairs?"

Maimie was feeling too comfortable and heavy to be more than mildly annoyed. She had come downstairs when Miss Mongon, her assistant, called up to her about Naida, and she was now behind the counter in the shop. Miss Mongon was at the other end of the shop, putting on her hat to go out to her tea. There was only one customer in the shop, if he could be called a customer at all: Owdie Hicks. He was leaning across the counter, gossiping with the two women.

Maimie looked at her husband, and then she stared behind him into the hall.

"You brought the plaster down from the ceiling!" she said, seeing behind him in the dark hallway, like particles of snow falling at dusk, small flakes of lime from overhead floating indolently downward through the air.

He looked backward over his shoulder. He felt foolish, the more so because there was a feeling in the air as if a conversation had been interrupted. He gave a glance towards the other end of the shop. Miss Mongon was still putting on her hat. What was keeping that person? It was on her account that he felt foolish. It was because of the figure he cut in her eyes that he was annoyed. For his own part he took no harm out of the way Maimie and Owdie were talking. It looked intimate, but it was only the intimacy of old friends. Above all, no matter what way he felt, he didn't want that Mongon person to see that he was annoyed. It would be interpreted as jealousy. Jealousy! It galled him that anyone should think him jealous of a poor wretched creature like Owdie Hicks. He forced himself to affect a false jocularity.

"What are you two plotting?" he said, but he knew by a contemptuous flash in her eyes that Maimie saw his insincerity.

More obtuse, Owdie pointed to the counter. "What do you think of those?" he asked. The counter was littered with snapshots with sticky glossy surfaces. "I took them yesterday."

"And he developed them last night!" said Maimie.

Owdie picked up one and passed it to him. "What do you think of this one?" he said. "That's the best, in my opinion. That ought to make a good enlargement."

It was Birdie. And it was a good snapshot of the child.

Elgar smiled. Owdie took the picture back.

"Her mother over again!" he said, and he stared

at it. Then he looked up and laughed. "If I'm willing to wait for her, will you give her to me?" he said. "You owe me something, you know. Don't forget you stole her mother from me!"

Elgar looked away from the stupid white face. He did not look at Maimie either. On her face he knew there would be the complacent look he hated. The joke was stale. But not to Maimie. It could bring a blush to her warm face any day.

The pusillanimity of their affair was contemptible. If there was some iniquity in them he thought he could have endured it better. And yet, in his heart, he knew that even by his contempt he wronged them, and that it was not pusillanimity that kept them from sin, but that for all their ogling and double meanings they were curiously innocent.

Where had they come by this integrity? Was it bred in them, or was it inculcated in them by their religion? He looked at them and wondered.

For Owdie Hicks would never marry. Already he had the neglected look of a man with no ambition for the regard of any woman. And Maimie, whatever caprice or vanity had made her want him, her husband, she would be faithful to him without question; perhaps never fully conscious of any disappointment in her desires, daily attributing it to the annoyances of the day, to the weather, or to the strain of looking after the child.

Whereas he — ? Abruptly, on the brink of this abysmal question, he shrank back.

Miss Mongon was ready for the street at last, but for her gloves, into which she was trying to squeeze her chilblained hands, as she came out between the counters into the middle of the shop.

"Since you waited so long, you may as well wait and take your choice!" she said, looking at Maimie and laughing.

He did not understand what she meant, but the familiarity of her manner, the intimacy in her voice revolted him. And then Maimie laughed good-humoredly. "Oh, the next will be a boy!" she said.

Was it possible? Were they familiarly talking about her condition, and in these terms of loose jocularly, Miss Mongon laughing and showing the insides of her big teeth, decorated with tartar?

"Boys take after their mothers," she said.

Owdie looked down at the snapshot that he still held in his fat hand. "That wasn't the case here," he said, and then he looked up at Maimie. "If I had known your children would take after you, I'd have been a bit more forceful four years ago."

Elgar looked at him, and he felt a sudden pity for him. Under the foolish talk, he felt there was both disappointment and regret. But as he saw Maimie's gratified smile, his contempt for both of them returned. Maimie knew what was meant, but she wanted to have the titillation of hearing the compliment repeated.

"What do you mean, Owdie Hicks?" she said.

Owdie had been leaning over the counter, facing

inwards towards where, behind Maimie's back between the glittering bottles of whiskey, a big mirror in a gilt frame gave back the shop, and all that was in it.

"Look!" he said, and he pointed his stout forefinger to where, between the glittering bottles, his own pallid face was reflected. "How would you like one of your children to have a face like that?" he asked, and he gave a laugh, but the bitter little laugh was lost in the loud laugh that came from Miss Mongon. It surprised them all, and in particular Elgar. He looked straight at the elderly spinster, and for the first time he began to read the malevolent suspicions in her face.

All at once, the shop assistant's inciting presence was unbearable to him. With a crash he brought his fist down on the counter.

"I may not have said as much in words," he said, "but you, all three of you, know that I detest this kind of thing; this vulgar talk about a matter that —"

He could not find words delicate enough for his meaning; in the glass behind the counter he saw that he had whitened, and he knew that his voice was shaking. He was trembling too with the unusual violence of his feeling. And, catching sight of Owdie's face also in the mirror, he was further upset by the look of utter stupefaction upon it. Owdie didn't know what he was talking about; Owdie thought he had gone out of his mind. He turned to Maimie.

"I won't have it!" he shouted. "I won't have it: do you hear me?"

But the look upon Maimie's face made his senses swim. She was looking back at him, defiantly, as if to say that it was their natures that differed, and matters were not to be mended by a shout.

All his will was bent then to say something to hurt her. But he could not think of anything. He could think only of his own outraged feelings.

"I won't have it, that's all!" he railed. "Not in this house!" He stopped, but a violent surge of feeling forced him on to say something more. "Not today!" he cried. "Today of all days!"

4

TODAY of all days: unawares, unwillingly, from the wells of feeling those words gushed forth.

And Maimie flushed as if from a blow. For an instant her eyes held his, and then she glanced nervously at the others: at Owdie and Miss Mongon. They, however, were still subdued by the first unexpected shout. After it they did not appear capable of hearing anything more. Indeed Miss Mongon, who had at last got the tight kid gloves pasted to her hands, stood as if herself pasted to the door behind her.

Husband and wife looked at each other; a long, inscrutable look.

Elgar was aghast at his own outburst; above all, at his last words. What did he mean? He hardly knew, but to his relief he heard Owdie talking again to Miss Mongon, easily and naturally.

"Well, so long! I suppose you'll hardly be back before I'm gone!"

But Miss Mongon was powerless to go. A thought had been stirred in her mind, and she was irresistibly urged to give utterance to it.

"She's being waked this evening, isn't she?" she said.

It didn't appear necessary to her to mention any name, but once again Maimie flushed, and Elgar, watching her, saw her eyes tearing Miss Mongon's little soul apart to see if she spoke in ignorance or if some malice lay behind her words.

"Is it Naida you mean?"

Never in his life had he heard that edge in Maimie's voice.

But Owdie had answered Miss Mongon.

"In the house, I suppose," he said, and Maimie's sharp cry was not noticed.

Was Owdie clever enough to have spoken on purpose to cover Maimie? Elgar wondered, but he was grateful to him in any case. The danger was passed. Miss Mongon came back into the shop.

"God forgive me," she said, "but I always think it's a lonesome thing to leave a coffin all night in an empty church. It gives me the creeps to think of being left there myself some night!"

"It's the law of the Church," said Maimie sharply.

"I know that." Miss Mongon was at once weak and docile again. "But feelings are feelings," she said, with another little spurt of defiance. "I'd rather be waked in my own house."

"Maggie Mongon!" Maimie stared at her head assistant.

"Perhaps it's not a dogma of faith," said Owdie, interposing again hastily. "I mean to say we may not be obliged under pain of sin in this matter."

But Maimie wasn't interested in dogmas and doctrines.

"If you ask me, it's a matter of common sense," she said. "I can tell you, if you had a corpse in the house for a few hours, you'd soon see the sense of taking it to the church!" She shuddered. "Why do you think people fill the house with flowers?" she said. She shuddered again. "Ugh!" she said. "Ugh!"

In their experience, neither Owdie nor Miss Mongon had ever found death anything other than chill and alienating, but with Maimie's words, malodorous fears overlaid their hearts. And they shuddered.

"Yes," said Maimie, crudely, cruelly, "if it weren't for the way they're covered up with a shroud, you'd see them beginning to change color after a few hours!" and absent-mindedly, she examined the skin on her own fleshy living hand. Miss Mongon's own flesh felt clammy. Then a thought struck her.

"They don't wear shrouds, do they?" she asked. "Protestants, I mean?"

Maimie was taken by surprise; and still unnamed, Naida flashed into their minds again.

"What do they wear, I wonder?" said Owdie.

"I think I heard someone say they're laid out in a white dress; the women, I mean," said Maimie, reluctantly drawn into the conversation. Involuntarily, she turned to her husband. "Elgar, you ought to know," she said impatiently. "What will she wear?"

But when he looked at her so oddly, she stamped her foot at him.

"Naida, I mean," she said impatiently. "You ought to know."



How Far?

A member of the editorial staff of the Boston Globe for the past ten years, OTTO ZAUSMER served as head of the Intelligence Department of the Office of War Information in London. After the war, he covered the Nuremberg Trials and the Trial of Pétain for his paper, and made firsthand reports on the reconstruction going on in Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, and Germany. Recently he again checked developments in Germany, and here is the account of what he found.

REBUILDING GERMAN STEEL

by OTTO ZAUSMER

1

THE United States has contributed more to German rehabilitation than to the reconstruction of any Western democracy except Britain and France. In a gesture of forgiveness unparalleled in history, the ex-enemy was granted about the same amount of financial aid as our two former allies — roughly one billion dollars a year.

On paper, the effect has been spectacular; in practice, it has been far from satisfactory.

True, the crushing defeat left Germany stunned, maimed, too weak to work, and too poor to feed herself. But the greater physical damage cannot alone explain why in 1949 the German over-all production index was next to the lowest among all Marshall Plan nations. Germany's index hovered around 90 (taking 1936 as 100) while Britain had climbed to 125, France to 128, and Norway to 140.

Why has Germany not done as well as the other countries?

Aside from the colossal physical damage, several special elements which did not exist elsewhere have retarded economic recovery in Germany. Occupation by four powers which oftentimes insisted on conflicting policies has been a serious handicap. Now there are even two German governments, one for the Eastern and one for the Western Republic. Political uncertainty and cold war have caused many a serious difficulty. Also, about 10 million refugees had to be absorbed.

Perhaps nobody — least of all the Germans — could have changed the course of world events and the policies of the big powers since 1945. But despite all these obstacles, the Germans could have done much better had they been willing to rid themselves of the poison of the past, the traditions and institutions of the Nazis and of Imperial days, the paralysis of the mind which has slowed down the pace of progress.

Shelter, food, "blood transfusions," and "plastic surgery" were certainly badly needed, but the patient was also in need of psychiatric treatment. Unfortunately, only one or two per cent of Military Government's budget was allowed for education.

There can be hardly any doubt that a little less for physical reconstruction and a little more for psychological rehabilitation might have speeded economic progress in the long run and saved money.

As it is, workers and industrialists, farmers and consumers, civil servants and political leaders, still live in the past. They cling to a system which brought misery and catastrophe to their own country as well as to their neighbors. They have not learned their lesson from the mistakes which led to the disastrous collapse of 1945. They have not turned a leaf; they want to continue on the same page that lists yesterday's blunders. They have opposed and sabotaged Allied plans to reform and to modernize their agriculture which would permit production of much more food. They have insisted on reviving the old cartels and the old pattern of their industrial production which re-emphasizes the armament potential, builds up "strategic industries" for war, and neglects or even throttles organic growth of a normal economy. Such an economic pattern needs artificial support either in the form of ruinous state subsidies or through conquest of new areas of exploitation. It leads eventually to regimentation, dictatorship, and aggression, as amply evidenced in the past.

During the war the Allies decided they would make Germany change her ways. It was therefore agreed at Yalta and later at Potsdam to dismantle part of her heavy industry, to destroy what was purely for armament production, and to distribute among the devastated countries what was considered expendable for a peaceful Germany. At the same time the country was stripped of its armed forces and — in order to prevent another secret rearmament — forbidden to maintain aviation, synthetic rubber, synthetic gasoline, and other industries which are vital for war. A level-of-industry order put ceilings on production in certain fields.

In the course of the cold war and under the pressure of German propaganda, the United States on several occasions demanded and received the consent of its European allies for revision of these reparation

and dismantling agreements in order to improve the German situation. Finally, last November, at the Paris conference, dismantling was practically stopped and revival of several formerly forbidden industries was announced.

It has been argued that this was necessary because these factories are allegedly vital for Germany and for the recovery as well as the security of Western Europe. Thus the huge Thyssen steel mill and other plants were reprieved, with the result that Western Germany alone — not to mention the Russian-occupied area — has a steel capacity of roughly 17 million tons. Great Britain has no more and France has 50 per cent less.

Much to the disappointment of the German political and industrial leaders, the steel industry is not allowed to produce at full capacity; the present ceiling is 11.1 million tons. There has been a good deal of propaganda intended to prove that Germany will be unable to recover unless she is permitted a higher steel output. Here are the facts. The present quota of 11.1 million tons grants the Western German Republic as much steel per capita as Nazi Germany produced in 1936, which was two years after Hitler started his gigantic armament program and one year after he had mustered enough military strength to occupy the Rhineland by force. This makes it clear that the present quota is more than ample for a country which is forbidden to have an army or even a national police. Finally, steel production at its post-war peak last summer fell 15 per cent short of the permissible 11-million-ton limit. Since then production has even dropped sharply because demand failed to catch up with supply. This makes it rather obvious that the objective of the propaganda for a bigger and better steel production is not the economic welfare of the nation but the revival and welfare of the big Ruhr industrialists who have been the traditional symbols of German aggressiveness.

2

THE sad story of steel is only a part of the larger pattern of the failure in Germany. When the Allied armies took over occupation five years ago, it was planned and hoped that in the rebirth of the country the German people would get away from the idolatry of steel and renounce that adoration of power which has poisoned the nation from the time of Frederick the Great to Bismarck, to Hitler, and, unfortunately, beyond.

There is more hope for a satisfactory solution of the equally important and equally big task of decartelization, a task which was also marked by four years of bungling. A few months ago the voluminous and fully documented report of the Ferguson Committee — appointed by the U.S. Secretary of War — told the whole story of the dangerous activities of Germany's huge cartels and the no less

dangerous failure of Military Government to break them up. Here are a few highlights from that report stressing the power, danger, and viciousness of these giant trusts which preceded, supported, and survived Hitler.

I. G. Farben, the famous dye trust of Frankfurt, in whose undamaged headquarters the United States Military Government has reigned since 1945, delayed production of strategic material in the United States through its control over production here of synthetic gasoline and oil, dyestuffs, explosives, synthetic rubber, menthol, cellophane, and other products by virtue of its major voice in the world-wide distribution and sale; and through keeping the United States entirely dependent on Germany for the most modern electrical equipment required by the acetylene arc process.

The Frederic Krupp Combine formed a patent-holding company in the United States in 1928. During the next fourteen years Krupp permitted only ten patents to go to American producers. But its subsidiary kept the German government informed concerning tonnage statistics, including United States government orders, right up to the outbreak of the war, and controlled the price of tungsten carbide, an important material in machine-tool production.

The Robert Bosch Corporation had achieved a virtual world-wide patent monopoly in the production and distribution of fuel injection equipment which is essential in operation of all Diesel engines and high-powered aircraft. When Hitler took over, the American Robert Bosch Company was refused permission to reduce royalty payments on fuel injection equipment although this was seriously retarding the use of Diesel engines in the United States. Later, after the outbreak of war, the American Bosch was refused permission to sell fuel injection equipment in various European countries from which the German firm was barred by the war. The German Bosch was charged with industrial espionage in the United States before the war. The walkie-talkie, the intertank and ground-air radio connection system, and the short-wave sets used by the German Army during the war are Robert Bosch developments, very similar to, if not actually modeled after, American products. In 1941, when the United States Navy wanted a second source for fuel injection equipment, the American Bosch Company felt obliged to ask the consent of the German firm to issue a license.

The same monopoly principle existed in German banking. Six institutes divided among themselves virtual control over all financial operations of the entire nation. In the words of the Financial Adviser of United States Military Government: "We found that the banking system of Germany was like nothing we had ever seen or heard of in any other country and certainly not in the United States. We found that there was concentrated in the hands

of these banks through their series of branches that extended throughout all of Germany . . . the power of life and death over industry and the financial and economic life of the whole country."

This banking octopus was quickly killed and split up by Allied occupation authorities. But not one of the cartels has been broken up, not a single unit of any cartel has been offered for sale nearly five years after the end of the war. The Ferguson Report charges several of the most influential American Military Government officials with acting against instructions and official United States policy. There has been no further investigation of these charges, no disciplinary action. But within the nine months since the release of the Ferguson Report all those officials have left Military Government; and High Commissioner John J. McCloy definitely committed himself to the destruction of the cartels in one of his first press conferences on October 25, 1949. "I think we should always bear in mind," he said, "that in our own experiment in the United States, the time between original decree and the actual establishing of a competitive condition in industry is frequently a long one. In the Standard Oil case, I believe, it was thirty years after the original court decision before Standard Oil was actually broken up in the fashion which had been ordered. We are trying to do the same thing in Germany in a far shorter time, and I think we will."

The failure to solve the big problem of democratization in industry casts its black shadow not only on the prospects of the new Western Republic, but also on the daily life of the average German. True, he gets enough to eat; but not because agriculture is doing so well. His caloric intake is only slightly lower than before the war — merely because Uncle Sam supplies about one third of it and pays for it, too. German agricultural output is about 15 per cent below the insufficient 1936 level. Worse than that, the average farmer's productivity per man and hour is almost 50 per cent short of his 1936 accomplishments.

3

AGE-OLD political propaganda has depicted Germany as the *Volk ohne Lebensraum* (people without living space) and tried to justify every act of aggression with the need for food and raw materials. But even the mutilated Western Germany of today has more crop land and more arable land, yet fewer people to feed, than Great Britain. Unfortunately, the German leaders have failed to draw the logical conclusions, to learn from others who are worse off, and to make the best of a bad situation.

For example, Bavaria, the largest and richest state of the United State zone, was made to promulgate a very modest Land Reform Law in September, 1946. But the German leaders have stalled for three

long years. To quote from an official Military Government report of last October: "Many officials were indifferent or hostile to the program. Funds allocated to the Land Settlement Agency were pitifully inadequate." After more than three years, only 66,000 of the 175,000 acres involved in the project had been transferred to the Land Settlement Agency and only 52,000 had been actually distributed for cultivation. There was a total of 33,560 applications for full-time farms, but only a measly 1020 full-time farms and commercial gardens were established. There were 28,000 applications for subsistence farms, but only 530 had been set up by October, 1949.

Why has the program failed to produce results? An official spokesman of the United States Military Government recently supplied the answer in a broadcast over German radio stations. "It is very much in the public interest," he said, "to note two chief obstacles to the carrying out of the law. One obstacle has been the delay caused by the appeals of landowners to the courts. The courts have been very slow in acting on their appeals. . . . The second major obstacle is that the Settlement Associations have very limited funds. This difficulty is also related to the lack of legal action, for the associations cannot get commercial credits on land that may be subject to law suits. . . . These are serious obstacles. But a really determined effort by the State governments would undoubtedly go far toward overcoming them. In each State a test case *could* be carried through the courts to obtain a clear-cut, unchallengeable verdict on the legal question involved. This would help to solve the financial problems. The State authorities *could* also take the lead in looking for ways to ease credit restrictions so that land settlement activities could become recognized objects of credit." They could, but they don't because the old spirit and the old cliques survived in the civil service and in the executive and legislative branches of the government, as well as in the courts.

Implementation of these reforms would improve considerably Germany's economic situation. American agricultural experts have also worked out a detailed program which would eliminate mistakes of the past and within about eight years could boost the German food production roughly 20 per cent. This would reduce the excessive reliance on industry and industrial exports for payment of the national grocery bill. Being unreconstructed politically, the German leaders have opposed such plans. The people are helpless and unreconstructed themselves. Military Government could have carried out such important reforms if Washington had been willing to act instead of pleading in vain.

For example, money is again an object of value because Military Government, for once, deviated from its own "observe, advise, and assist" policy and imposed a currency reform which wiped out 90

per cent of the worthless bills overnight. Production has increased, hoarding has stopped.

Stores are stocked with goods again. But the little man cannot buy them because he does not have the money to pay the comparatively high prices. It is true, the volume of industrial production is by far greater than four years ago. But at that time output was merely 25 per cent of the 1936 level while industrial capacity remained only slightly impaired despite bombing and war. Therefore, production was bound to climb again as time went on, just as it did in other war-torn countries. With American financial aid and advice it increased rapidly from year to year and has now leveled off at around 90 per cent. But the productivity of the average laborer per work-hour is not much over two thirds of the pre-war mark. Consequently, costs are high, wages low; unemployment has increased by 50 per cent within twelve months and keeps 10 per cent of all wage- and salary-earners idle today.

The real national income per capita is lower than during the depression, in 1932. Thus, the domestic market cannot even absorb the present substandard production. War damage and the influx of about 10 million German refugees and expellees have caused

appalling housing conditions. There is a shortage of nearly 5 million apartment units. The crying need for new homes, offices, and plants is obvious. But unemployment in the building trade is greater than in any other business sector. Brick production has increased roughly fivefold during the past three years — though it is still 40 per cent below capacity; but demand has lagged so far behind supply that huge brick surpluses resulted even at the height of the building season last summer.

What retards German recovery is not lack of tools, materials, and resources, but the failure to make full use of available tools, materials, and resources. This is as much an economic problem as it is a psychological problem. The ancient Romans were wise to pray for a healthy mind in a healthy body. Modern medicine tells us why: an unhealthy mind affects the health of even a resourceful body. Ever since the end of the war the United States has struggled to expose the Communist hoax of "economic democracy" in an undemocratic state. It seems that the time has come to prove this point in our own administration of Germany, by acting in accordance with the sound principle that there can be no economic democracy without political democracy.



THE SALAMANDER

by HELEN BEVINGTON

I fell a-crying, while he, soothing me with his caresses, said, "My dear child, I don't give you that blow for any fault you have committed, but that you may remember that the little lizard which you see in the fire is a salamander." — *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini*

THE boy Cellini saw a thing,
A salamander in the fire,
Bright flame the path, the covering,
Where it moved scatheless and entire.

A child will possibly forget
What he may ponder hard and well,
His mind by every sight beset,
Visible and invisible.

Even a lizard, spotted gold —
If by tomorrow there be none,
Tomorrow, when the hearth is cold
(O listen, my forgetful one) —

Even a miracle is less
And less the heart's concern. For fear
Of time and its own waywardness,
Cellini's father boxed his ear,

To deepen memory, inspire
The lesson. So he taught his son
The salamander and the fire.
(Be careful, my impetuous one!

Such precedent is good to learn,
When redbirds in the holly tree,
This flaming canna, quick to burn,
Look so miraculous to me.)



The Atlantic Serial



NICOLAS NABOKOV, who was born in St. Petersburg in 1903, is the talented son of a family which was known for its liberalism under the last of the Tsars. His study of music, begun at an early age, was resumed at the Berlin Conservatory after the Revolution, and his first ballet-oratorio, *Ode*, was produced by Diaghilev's Ballet Russe in Paris and London in 1928. As an impressionable boy, he had heard the singing of Chaliapin and the playing of Rachmaninov and young Heifetz, and had seen the dancing of Pavlova and Karsavina. Now, in his creative years, he was to work under the stimulus of Diaghilev and in growing friendship with Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and Koussevitzky. This is the second of a three-part portrait of the man in whose workshop his music came to life.

SERGEI DIAGHILEV

by NICOLAS NABOKOV

7

DIAGHILEV had never written a single piece of music, yet he knew more music, and in a way more *about* music, than many an erudite musician. Since his early youth he had developed a voracious appetite for all kinds of music — light and serious, old and new, romantic and classical. As a result of this profuse and polyglot diet he had accumulated a vast store of data (he knew a staggering number of compositions of various styles and historical periods) and had acquired a professional's grasp of musical techniques. What was quite exceptional in his knowledge was its intuitive, its immediate aspect; after hearing a new work only once he was able to make up his mind unhesitatingly and appraise the specific qualities or defects of the work with masterful precision.

I remember arguing with him about my own ballet after I had played it for him for the first time in the midsummer of 1927. The subject of the ballet was taken from a poem — an “Ode to the Majesty of God on the Occasion of the Appearance of the Great Northern Lights” — by the eighteenth-century court poet and physicist Mikhail Lomonossov (referred to in Russia as the “father of Russian science”). It is a famous example of Russian didactic and “encyclopedist” court poetry inspired by French and German examples. Written in the flamboyant and archaic Russian of that period, it represents a thinly veiled allegory on the enthronement of Empress Elizabeth — the Aurora Borealis of the poem.

Diaghilev, of course, knew the poem and liked its oddly baroque metaphors and its resonant language (although normally he was quite indifferent to poetry); but chiefly what pleased him in it was its reference to Empress Elizabeth. According to a rumor (which he may well have started himself) Diaghilev was, on his mother's side, a descendant of Elizabeth — a great-great-grandson of one of the Empress's natural children. He was flattered by this illicit relationship to the Imperial house of Russia; it made him a direct descendant of Peter the Great, and gave him a kind of “morganatic” halo. There was, in effect, a slight physical resemblance between him and the puffy-faced daughter of Russia's first Emperor. As for Diaghilev's character, what could be more like that of the dynamic, quick-tempered, and despotic Peter?

But quite apart from this, Diaghilev liked the whole idea of a Russian “period piece.” Boris Kochno — Diaghilev's secretary and official librettist — and I concocted a two-act ballet libretto, the second act of which was supposed to represent the “Feast of the Northern Lights” — in other words, the coronation of Empress Elizabeth. I had written a short introduction to this second act; Diaghilev wanted a longer and more “ample” one. He objected to my introduction and called it a “meager pot of Conservatory porridge.” I felt hurt, and defended myself by saying that the way I had written it was right, that it was a good fugato in the style of the eighteenth-century French

overtures. Diaghilev smiled mockingly and replied, "Maybe, *mon cher*, it is a fugato, maybe even a fugue, but it certainly isn't any good. You know I don't really care whether you write a fugue or a fugato, a French or a Brazilian overture; what matters is that you write good music." He concluded, "This goes equally for Richard Strauss and the waltz-Strauss, for Bach and Offenbach. It is a simple but a very golden rule."

On another occasion I remember him discussing a new ballet score by a young protégé of Prokofiev. Prokofiev, Diaghilev, and I had just finished listening to it in the rehearsal room of the Monte Carlo theatre. Diaghilev was in one of his most explosive moods; he ranted and shouted at Prokofiev, "How can you like this, Seryoja? Don't you see that it's dribble? It's stupid, it's dull; worse than that, it's eely and slimy; it sounds like Arensky. There is only one page of it that seems acceptable. Here, give it to me." He took the score out of Prokofiev's hands and started to turn the pages angrily. "Here it is. You see . . . this melody. It's the only piece of light in this dusty piece; but unfortunately it only lasts five measures."

Many years later Prokofiev and I played that piece over again; it was utterly inept and dull. When we came to the page which Diaghilev had pointed out, Prokofiev muttered, "Damn it, Diaghilev was right. This is certainly very 'dusty' stuff."

I remember the way Diaghilev listened to a new work, always earnest and respectful. If he liked it, he would discuss it page by page and point by point, and make you play sections of it over and over again. If, on the contrary, he did not like the piece, his face would immediately take on a sour and worn expression; he would look bored and sleepy. As soon as the composer had finished playing, Diaghilev would thank him with that icy, exaggerated politeness with which French seigneurs brushed off importune commoners, and leave the room without saying another word. Sometimes he would interrupt in the middle of the performance and shout, "Wait, wait! Play that over again!" And having heard it once more, he would say, "This comes straight from the tenor aria of X's opera." If you disagreed, or said that you did not know the opera or the particular passage, he would order one of his minions to get the score, and then he would make you play the aria. He was usually correct; the measures he had pointed out and the aria would bear a noticeable resemblance. His remarks about music were always clever and penetrating and revealed a profound understanding of the particular characteristics of certain composers.

I once arrived unnoticed in the apartment of Missia Sert (the wife of the Spanish painter) and found Diaghilev at the piano, with his glasses on, painstakingly deciphering *David'sbuendler* by Schumann. When I asked him why he was playing this

particular piece, he said, "I always wonder what makes Schumann's music hold together. Look how he repeats and repeats the same phrase," and he started playing the third part of the piece very slowly and clumsily. "And yet, you see, it is never dull. It is filled with a peculiar kind of lyric nervousness. Of course, I am only talking about his piano music; his symphonies are at times terribly dull and boringly repetitious." He looked at the music again and added pensively, "Schumann's music is best when it is played in a very small room with no people in it at all, when it is just between you and him."

8

It sometimes seemed to outsiders (and even to some of his collaborators) that Diaghilev's taste for music was too eclectic, too lacking the indispensable "positive partisanship" to make a real dent in the annals of music history. It is true that the musical inventory of his ballet company for the twenty-five years of its existence represents a remarkable *mélange*. It is a hodgepodge of styles, of musical traditions, and of aesthetic attitudes. In it, you jump from the musical perfection of Stravinsky's *Les Noces* or his *Apollo* down to the grotesque inanities of a score like *Cleopatra* (an Egyptian extravaganza of about 1909-1910 made up of stale tidbits from the music of eight-odd Russian composers) and from the admirable pages of Prokofiev's moving and profoundly lyrical *Prodigal Son* to the banalities of Georges Auric's *Pastorale*.

This lack of a specific line in the choice of music was quite disconcerting at times and made one think of Diaghilev as a kind of director of a musical zoo, as someone who wanted to own every species of animal under the sun from the platypuses to the pandas. Yet Diaghilev had a very definite personal musical taste, different from, if not contrary to, those of some of his younger contemporaries.

During one of my last conversations with him in the winter of 1928, he vituperated against the light and easy *musiquette* of young Parisian composers. "All this fake little music," he shouted, "doesn't mean anything at all. I've had enough of it. *Merci!* I can have a ballet by X every year, and next year it will be as stale as an old *blin* [Russian pancake]. Only the snobs and *les limités* [a favorite expression of his] like that. No, no. There is no one now who has *le souffle, l'élan* of Wagner, of Tchaikovsky, or of Verdi — those were real, full-blooded, great men."

"But Sergei Pavlovitch," I asked, "what about Stravinsky and Prokofiev? And what about your new 'discovery,' Paul Hindemith?" (He had just commissioned Hindemith to write him a ballet.)

"Hindemith . . . yes, probably he is good . . . perhaps very good . . . but we'll hear him and judge him next year."

To Diaghilev a contemporary composer existed only by virtue of his having written music for the Ballet Russe. His peculiar egocentricity and megalomania made it seem that a composer who had not written for his ballet company was a composer whom he did not want, either because he considered his music bad or because the composer had not come around to be given a commission. Even if this were not the case, he wanted it always to appear as if he had "discovered" his composer, which in the case of Hindemith (who by then was already a famous man) seemed particularly comical.

"And Stravinsky?" I asked.

"Stravinsky is a great composer . . . the greatest of our time; even the stupid British critics have learned their lesson and know that Stravinsky's greatness is a settled issue. To me, however, his best works are those of the beginning, those which he wrote before *Pulcinella*; I mean *Petrouchka*, *Le Sacre*, *Les Noces*. This does not imply that I don't admire *Oedipus Rex* and adore *Apollo*; both are classically beautiful and technically perfect. Who else can write like that nowadays? But you see —" He stopped abruptly and changed the subject. "You were speaking about Prokofiev?" he said in the tone of a man who is answering his own question. "Yes, of course, his *Prodigal Son* is in its way a masterpiece; it has a lyrical quality new to Prokofiev, and what is particularly good about it is that it is his own and no one else's." He underscored each word by knocking the floor with his cane. "Have you heard it?" he continued. "Did he play it for you?" And without waiting for an answer he said, "You know, Prokofiev is furious at me for wanting to cut a few pages. Did he speak to you about it?"

Few things seemed to give Diaghilev more pleasure than to make cuts in a new score; it was a kind of delightful ritual with him, and he surrounded the "operation" with exquisite politeness and princely formalities. Usually he would invite the composer to lunch; then, using all his charms, he would tell the story of how he cut eighteen pages of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Schéhérazade* and *x* pages of Richard Strauss's *Joseph's Legend*. After reciting a list of equally famous musical appendectomies, he would finally come to the point. "Don't you think," he would say, "that the second act of your ballet is too long? Don't you think it should be cut?" And before you could say yes or no, one of his helpers would hand him the score and he would point to the spot he wanted cut, saying, "I looked at it carefully yesterday and I think the cuts should be made here and here . . . don't you agree?" All the questions in this speech were purely rhetorical and, together with the unusually sumptuous lunch, provided the preparatory anesthetic before the inevitable operation.

"Few composers today," Diaghilev went on, "have Prokofiev's gift of inventing personal melo-

dies, and even fewer have a genuine flair for a fresh use of simple tonal harmonies. You know, Prokofiev has never fallen prey to all such rubbish as atonality, polytonality, and '*tout ce fatras de l'Europe Centrale*.' He is much too talented and much too genuine for that. He doesn't need to hide behind inane theories and absurd noises. His nostrils are big and open; he is not afraid of breathing fresh air wherever he finds it. He does not have to sit in cluttered rooms and invent theories. But even in Prokofiev's music there is a lack. I don't know what it is, but something is incomplete . . . some measure of greatness is absent."

Yet it appears that during the last days of Diaghilev's life, in a hotel room on the Lido, he returned completely to the musical passions of his adolescence. He spoke with excitement and fervor of the greatness of Wagner's *Parsifal* and *Tristan* and the majestic splendor of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, and he hummed the familiar tunes of his beloved *Pathétique* of Tchaikovsky.

These, then, were the true musical loves of Diaghilev throughout his life. He certainly admired and loved classical music, but his unswerving devotion went to the massive works of the masters of the Romantic period; it was their art which had formed his taste and in many ways molded his approach to music.

9

THE Gare de Lyon was crowded and noisy when in the early days of April, 1928, I boarded a second-class car of the 21.30 o'clock *rapide* — "Paris, Lyon, Marseille, Vintimille." I always enjoyed the immutable ritual of French departures. The bustle and confusion, the fight for porters and window seats, the squeeze through the narrow corridors of railroad cars, and the little game of deception (in which I always participated) which most French travelers play when they try to prevent a late-comer from getting a seat by covering all the available space with their own bags, bundles, coats, and lunch boxes. Russians and Frenchmen have at least these things in common: both are addicts of the *pagaille* (mess and bustle) of departures and both travel with thousands of pieces of the most eccentric-looking luggage.

But on that damp and foggy April evening of 1928 the whole ritual of departure seemed doubly pleasant to me. I was traveling second class (instead of third), I was going to Monte Carlo at Diaghilev's invitation and expense, and I was going to work there on the production of my ballet — my first commission, my first important work. "Tomorrow," I said to myself, "I shall be walking on the warm, crackling gravel of the *jetée du Casino*, the promontory behind the Casino, looking at the gentle carpet of the Mediterranean and the equally gentle silky sky. Tomorrow will begin my collabora-

tion with the most famous artistic enterprise of Europe."

I felt exhilarated and proud. I thought of the talks and discussions I should have with Diaghilev and his associates, with the many composers, painters, poets, and choreographers who would be in Monte Carlo at the time Diaghilev was preparing his new productions for the coming Parisian season. I thought of working with Léonide Massine and Pavel Tchelitchev, whom Diaghilev had selected to do the choreography and the *décor* for my ballet; I imagined the excitement of rehearsals, the pleasure of seeing my composition take shape and form.

Valichka Nouvel, Diaghilev's lifelong friend and collaborator, had come to the station to see me off. He gave me the name of the hotel I was to go to in Monte Carlo and handed me a check — the second installment of my ballet commission. "Don't you get in a row with him," he said with a smile, "and come back in despair. It has happened, you know." But I was not going to let it happen; I was sure that everything was going to work out well and that by the time I returned to Paris the ballet would be spick-and-span for its Parisian première.

Night trips in French coaches both soft and hard are a delight to those who love comedy; there is always a funny face or a comic scene in store for you. But to those whose legs are long, whose nostrils are sensitive, and who believe in the use of soap and water they represent an acute and intense discomfort. The average Gallic stature is no more than five and a half feet; hence the benches in French railroad cars are painfully low and narrow. As soon as the train pulls out of the station, one of your seven-odd companions — so often a determined-looking mother of a brood of fidgety children — is sure to shut the door and close the window (leaving a tiny crack to let in the soot). Next, everyone settles down to a highly odoriferous meal: hard-boiled eggs halved with a penknife (sulphur); tough, granite-textured sausages (garlic); vicious Roquefort cheese (feet). Red wine spills on the floor, and oranges squirt in your eye. Occasionally a Vichy bottle of lukewarm coffee is passed down the line (excepting the one-year-old). This adds the chicory touch to the intense and aggressive bouquet. In the early hours of the morning, when the priest starts mumbling his prayers (there is always a priest in a second-class French compartment), the ladies, obeying ancient custom, take out small bottles of Eau de Cologne, pour a few drops of it on a piece of cotton, and rub their necks, foreheads, ears, cheeks, and chins with it until the cotton gets black and the faces start to glisten like Wagnerian armor; *la toilette* is completed.

These night-long ordeals in French trains have always had a peculiar kind of charm and attraction for me. But this time I was not observant, nor was I amused by my companions; in fact, I was ob-

livious of their presence. Standing at the open window in the corridor, I thought about my *Ode* and what would happen to it in the immediate future.

10

THERE had been a considerable amount of inter-necine argument about the whole project. Boris Kochno, the librettist, was eager to have Balanchine do the choreography of *Ode*; I myself was inclined in favor of Balanchine. But I had little to say about these matters; I was a newcomer to the Ballet — one of Diaghilev's perennial "foundlings" — and I knew that Balanchine had already been engaged to do the choreography of Stravinsky's new ballet, *Apollo*. Thus, very much against the wishes of Kochno, *Ode* was delegated to Léonide Massine. Fortunately Massine liked my music at once and seemed to understand its somewhat sentimental, lyrical spirit.

As for Diaghilev, although he liked very much the whole pageant side of *Ode*, he seemed at first not entirely convinced by my music. He was also worried about the excessive expense of its production; my score required not only a very large orchestra but also an equally large choir and two solo singers besides. When, during the previous summer, I had played him the piece in its entirety, Diaghilev had seemed enthusiastic about most of it. But certain sections he did not like at all; he found them weak and incompatible with the rest of the music, and wanted me to change them by writing three new dance-movements which would be incorporated into the second act.

It goes without saying that I made all the changes and wrote the new pieces as quickly as possible; they were ready by October, 1927. Still, Diaghilev would not commit himself definitely to the production of *Ode* and would not sign a contract with me.

I have the impression that it was Stravinsky's liking my music that decided Diaghilev in favor of *Ode*, for it was shortly after my first encounter with Stravinsky, when I played him my piece, that Diaghilev told Valichka Nouvel to draw up a contract. The meeting with Stravinsky was of course arranged by Diaghilev and was part of a carefully planned and slightly feudal ritual. I felt that I was following in the footprints of many a young composer whom Diaghilev had "discovered" before me. First the "foundling" was tested for several months by the closest members of His Majesty's Household; these included Roger Desormière, the eminent French conductor, Boris Kochno, Valichka Nouvel. Then, after he had passed the preliminary "household test," he was to meet the great ones: Stravinsky, Picasso. Next came the influential friends and patrons of Diaghilev: Princesse de Polignac (Singer sewing machines), Lord Rothermere (British yellow press), Coco Chanel (*haute-couture*), and Missia Sert, the clever, warm,

and attractive friend of Diaghilev and of two generations of famous painters and musicians. The ritual also included drawing up a list of people the "foundling" was advised not to see. At my time this list was headed by Jean Cocteau, with whom Diaghilev had quarreled, and Ida Rubinstein, the dancer who with the help of Lord Guinness's money (stout) was starting a rival ballet season at the Paris Opera.

Only after these preliminaries had taken place would the "foundling's" name be announced to the outer world. He would be presented as a new Diaghilev find, a young man who merited extraordinary attention by virtue of the great future Diaghilev held in store for him. And then the ballyhoo would begin; the "foundling" would immediately become the object of everybody's attention, he would have five lunches and three dinners per day to choose from, his name and photographs would appear in magazines and newspapers. He would be asked on every possible and impossible occasion to play his ballet music, and Parisian artistic circles would heatedly discuss the merits and defects of his score.

A further element complicated the plans for *Ode's* production. For many years Diaghilev wanted to have a ballet by the painter Pavel Tchelitchev, then still a very young man, who was having an extraordinarily brilliant success. Diaghilev had seen his work in the early twenties in the Berlin theaters and admired it very much. He urged him to come to Paris and work for him. But Tchelitchev, one of the few authentic geniuses of the theater, had at that time turned his back on it and was deeply involved in painting pictures. Like many imaginative and highly gifted artists, he believed that the theater only detracted the painter from the real problems of his art. He preferred to abandon the more lucrative and successful career of a theatrical designer and give himself completely to his own painting.

Finally, in the fall of 1927, Diaghilev and Kochno persuaded Tchelitchev to design the sets and costumes for my *Ode*. In the meantime, through pictorial experimentation, Tchelitchev had discovered a completely new approach to the problem of stage design — an approach in which light and motion played an unusually important part; moreover, he was preoccupied by modern problems such as the relation between the factual experience (with its crude and clumsy logic perceived and transmitted to the mind by normal physical senses) and the experience of the unreal (or suprarreal) with all its hidden, unlogical laws and its "journey to the end of the night."

Tchelitchev was engaged in the surrealist experimentation of the period and, although he did not belong to the official group of surrealist painters (Dali, Max Ernst, Tanguy, and the others), by 1927-1928 he was regarded, for all intents and pur-

poses, as one of the founders of that broad and fashionable trend. On the other hand, he was one of the first to express in his art that new lyricism of the late twenties, a lyricism restrained in its mode of expression and untarnished by grandiloquence. Later this became broadly popularized by the work of the late Christian Bérard and a few other European and American painters, but it was actually Tchelitchev who was one of its initiators.

But all these pictorial experiments of Tchelitchev and all his new ideas about stage design had little in common with the whole project of the ballet *Ode*, with my music, and with the didactic-allegorical ballet story cooked up by Boris Kochno. Tchelitchev seemed to like my music, but not the story; or at least he did not like the allegorical allusions to Diaghilev's "Imperial great-great-grandmother." He thought that the story had nothing to do with what my music was "really" expressing and that the whole piece should be treated as a surrealist vision of a mysterious phenomenon of nature, the Aurora Borealis. Thus from the outset there were three different and in a way irreconcilable points of view involved in the *Ode* project. First there was Diaghilev's notion about a grand Elizabethan period piece, a tribute to the epoch of the great Russian court-poet Lomonossov; second there was Tchelitchev's view of *Ode* as a modern surrealist experiment; and third there was my music, which did not fit into either of the two categories.

11

THE music of *Ode* was essentially tender, gentle and lyrical, and in its lyricism it was kin to the music of Russian composers like Glinka, Dargomizsky, and Tchaikovsky, especially to their songs. To me those composers were always particularly attractive when they wrote their charming little vocal pieces, mixtures of the nineteenth-century German lied and the Franco-Italian *romance sentimentale*. In these pieces they blended in a superb way the native Russian melodic inflections with the warm and suave beauty of the Italian vocal line.

Few people abroad know these pieces, the songs of Gurilev, Alyabiev, Glinka, Dargomizsky, all of them nineteenth-century composers of the Russo-Italian school. Even Tchaikovsky's songs are little known abroad, with the exception of *None but the Lonely Heart*. Yet to me these Russian songs were a treasure of intimate lyrical invention which reflected so well the moods and longings of that period — one to which I felt myself closely attached and which I have never ceased to admire. During my childhood many of these lieder became daily companions of my life; we hummed them in the woods and in the streets, we sang them alone and in chorus, we played them on our instruments and listened to them in concert recitals. By the time I

left Russia in 1920 I knew hundreds of them and cherished them with the nostalgic devotion with which one cherishes tender memories and lost hopes. They became somehow like human beings, like those lost companions of my Russian adolescence whose features remain fixed and vivid in my memory and who have become the inexorable symbols of exile.

In *Ode* I attempted to evolve a larger choral piece from these small lieder forms and to write a full-scale oratorio based on a series of such pieces bound together by a common idea and a common lyrical mood. Thus what excited me in composing *Ode* was the attempt to produce a first Russian oratorio, formally and stylistically tied to the grand tradition of the Russo-Italian school.

But besides this "Russian nostalgia," *Ode* had of course a French, a Parisian side (at least I hoped it had). In 1923 I got acquainted and quickly fell in love with the music of Erik Satie and what Erik Satie represented (and still represents) to many modern composers. His "pupils" and ardent admirers, Henri Sauguet (one of the leading French composers), Roger Desormière, and later his great friend Darius Milhaud, led me into the orbit of the extraordinary halo of new ideas, actions and reactions, agonisms and antagonisms, which had emanated from Satie during his lifetime and which was still burning bright in 1927, two years after his death. Satie's art and his ideas taught me how to exercise a restraint and an economy of means in my own music, to prefer brevity and conciseness of musical discourse to the ramblings and rumblings of impressionism; how to limit myself to the absolutely indispensable, the minimum needed for an adequate formulation of a musical sentence and reject the camouflage of floridity and grandiloquence. Above all, Satie's art taught me that one should not be ashamed of being simple, intimate, "puerile," and even naïve to the point of appearing childish (provided one remains sincere), and to regard all these qualities as virtues rather than as vices.

Some of these virtues, I hopefully believed, I had incorporated into my *Ode*, and as a result the music of *Ode* had indeed very little to do with an Imperial Russian pageant or with the presentation of "nature's mysteries" expressed in modern surrealist terms.

12

As the train puffed along the Mediterranean and from Cannes on started making its brief courtesy calls at every little resort town on the "Azured Coast," my excitement mounted. "Who is going to meet me at the station?" I was asking myself. "Boris Kochno, Massine, Lifar? Or maybe even . . . Diaghilev himself? Will there be a rehearsal today? Shall I have supper with Diaghilev?"

Approaching Monte Carlo from Nice, the train

started to worm its way past Cap-Ferrat and around the Bay of Villefranche. Then, after one last smoke-filled tunnel, it slowed down, and suddenly on the south side of the tracks appeared the life-size version of the famed colored scenic postcard — the Monaco peninsula topped by its medieval castle, with a cluster of quaint houses descending to the marcelled, lapis lazuli harbor.

We pulled into the Gare de Monaco et Monte Carlo, and leaning out the window I looked anxiously for a familiar face. But among the gay crowd of welcomers in exaggerated resort-type clothes there was no one I knew. I pushed to the exit — my good humor somewhat impaired by the absence of a welcoming committee.

I took a cab and went to the Hotel Excelsior; there another disappointment awaited me — no reservations, no rooms. The hotel was full. Feeling hurt and neglected, I telephoned Diaghilev's hotel. No one there. "*Monsieur de Diaghilev est sorti. . . . Il est au Théâtre du Casino.*"

I called the theater and tried to get Grigorieff, the company's stage manager, on the telephone. Finally, after a great deal of waiting, Grigorieff's assistant came to the phone, yawned, and said in a surly voice, "They are all on the *plateau* . . . rehearsing. I can't disturb them." When I told him who I was, and what I wanted, he woke up a bit and mumbled, "Oh yes, I heard something about it from Grigorieff . . . they couldn't get you a room at the Excelsior. . . . He said something about another hotel, but I've forgotten the name." Just as I was on the point of hanging up, he suddenly turned cheerful and shouted into the receiver, "Wait a minute! I remember . . . it is the Hôtel de la Côte d'Azur. Go there and ask for a room reserved by Grigorieff."

The cab drove uphill through the hotel-infested area of central Monte Carlo and stopped in front of an old-fashioned, pinkish building. Yes, there was a room for me, even with a *salle de bain*. I climbed five stories to the room and found it of strange oblong proportions, but bright, large, and clean. The floor was covered with the familiar brown tiling of old Southern French houses, and its tiny balcony faced south, disclosing a panorama of Monte Carlo, Monaco, and the blue, blue sea. But what grafted itself most strongly on my memory was the budding wisteria vine on the ramp of the balcony, which later, a week before I left Monte Carlo, fell into rich violet bloom and scented the room day and night, bringing back tender memories of other Southern springs — springs in the Crimea, in Sebastopol, in Yalta, and all along the northern shores of the black Scythian sea.

I washed, ate a sandwich at the corner *buvette*, and walked down to the Casino. The Théâtre du Casino is conveniently located in the same building as the Casino, behind the gambling rooms of this gambling citadel of Europe. Behind the Théâtre

are several large rehearsal rooms and storage halls for scenery and costumes. Still further lies the *jetée du Casino* overlooking the Bay of Monaco. From it, the desperate losers of the Casino put a stop to their ill luck (at the rate of two or three a year) by leaping several hundred feet down to the tracks of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée railroad.

After a little questioning and searching I made my way through the labyrinth of gambling rooms, corridors, and rehearsal halls and stepped onto the stage. Diaghilev was sitting on the left side near an upright piano, his back turned to the empty theater. On a chair next to him sat a funny-looking man with thick glasses, in disorderly dress and endowed with a crooked goatee. Behind him, leaning against the piano, stood the massive figure of André Derain, who, hearing me creep up, turned his head, smiled, and signaled me to come and stand near him. So did Rika, the dark-haired, beaked lady at the piano, whom I had met before in Paris and who inevitably reminded me of an ingrown toenail. But she beckoned me with her head, her hands being occupied with the wide, difficult chords of a piece unfamiliar to me but which I easily guessed to be Stravinsky's *Apollo*.

Diaghilev couldn't see me; his back was turned, and he seemed absorbed by what was going on on the stage. There, in the center of it, a group of three ballerinas were clustered around and over a male dancer. The ballerinas were Tchernicheva, Doubrovskaya, and Nikitina, three of the best prima ballerinas of the company. The male dancer was Serge Lifar. That group's pose has since become famous in the annals of choreographic classicism: Lifar knelt between the three ballerinas, who were in an arabesque figure; each had one leg up in the air; their bodies dipped forward and their necks stretched upward so that they looked like three drinking swans whose precarious balance was maintained by a trembling hand firmly clutching Lifar's shoulder. In front of the group stood its inventor, the slight and incredibly young-looking George Balanchine, Diaghilev's recent discovery, his new choreographic genius.

"Did you see Boris and Alexandrina?" whispered Derain in my ear. "They went to meet you just half an hour ago."

I said that I had not, and was about to ask the identity of the man who was sitting next to the *patron*, when Diaghilev turned around, evidently to say something to Derain. He saw me, and an ironic smile came over his face. He said in a teasing voice, "Ah, Nika, why are you so late? Where have you been all these weeks? Everybody has been waiting for you to start working," and without waiting for an answer he pointed at Balanchine and said to Derain, "What he is doing is magnificent. It is pure classicism, such as we have not seen since Petipas." Then he turned his back on us again and continued watching the dancers on the stage.

While Diaghilev was talking to me the little man with the beard had also turned around and was examining me intently. Then, without apparent reason, he let out a bleating giggle. I was startled, and felt abused at Diaghilev's rude reception. It was unfair and unjust; no one had told me that everyone was waiting for me in Monte Carlo to start working. On the contrary, I had been waiting for more than two weeks to hear from Diaghilev. But no news had come. Finally it had been Valichka Nouvel who decided to send me off, to get the tickets and put me on the train. As I stood there getting madder every minute and somehow centering my anger on the silly-looking giggler, Derain bent over and murmured, "*Ne vous en faites pas*, he is in a bad humor. Something went wrong between him and this man," and he nodded in the direction of the giggler. "Besides, he has been very ill-tempered lately."

"Who is that man?" I finally asked Derain.

"Oh, he's quite a character. He's Bauchant, the painter. He's doing the *décors* for Stravinsky's *Apollo*."

Soon the rehearsal came to an end. Diaghilev got up and told me to come along with him to the hotel. "Ah, haven't you met?" he said, as Bauchant was trying to introduce himself. "This is the young composer of *Ode*, Nicolas Nabokov, and this is Monsieur Bauchant."

"Bauchant-jeune," corrected the odd little man. "I am pleased to meet you, and please forgive me for laughing at you a moment ago," he continued in a jolly patter, "but you see, your face . . . it looked so funny when he" — he pointed at Diaghilev — "greeted you. Besides, you know, his annoyance was really addressed to me. I irritate him. . . . Isn't it funny?" and the man bleated again. Diaghilev chuckled, but I didn't find it funny at all; I wanted to shake off the importune gabbler.

As we came out into the sunshine of the *jetée* and started walking towards the Hôtel de Paris, Diaghilev said, "Come on, Nika, I have to talk with you." He began by telling me that *Ode* was getting to be a problem, that no one really cared about it, and that everything was being mishandled from the very start. "Boris doesn't know what he wants to do with it and Massine knows even less. As for Tchelitchev, I can't make head or tail of his experiments, but I do know one thing: they have nothing to do with the original conception of *Ode*." He reproached me for showing no interest in my own work: "You should be here all the time and you shouldn't think that once the music is written your task is over." He said that the only reason he decided to do *Ode* against his better judgment was that Seryoja Lifar liked the music and wanted to have a second ballet for the coming season — "to satisfy his enormous vanity. . . . You know Seryoja hasn't a brain in his head, and the fact

that he likes your music is therefore nothing to boast about."

While he was talking he got consistently more irritated and the adjectives he used became more abusive and unprintable. Finally, as we reached the doors of the Hôtel de Paris, he said in his most exasperated tone, "If all of you continue to be indolent and lazy nothing will come of your *Ode*. I can't do anything for you. I simply *won't*. I will wash my hands of the whole business like *Pontius Pilatus*. You had better go and find *ces coureurs*, Boris and Seryoja, and start working at once." Then, abruptly, he turned his back on me and went to the door. But before he started revolving he shouted at me once more, "If all of you finally decide to start working, don't pull the cart in three different directions. It will get stuck and *I'm* not going to help you pull it out of *your* mud!" And with a curt "*Au revoir*, I'll see you tomorrow," he disappeared in the door.

13

IT WAS only natural that, as a result of this monologue (it was the first time I had seen Diaghilev in a tantrum), my first evening in Monte Carlo, in the bosom of the "greatest artistic enterprise in Europe," was a melancholic flop. If it had not been for the warmth of Alexandrina's and Boris's welcome (I met them in front of the Casino right after my encounter with the vituperative *patron*, as they were returning from their abortive attempt to meet me) and the charm of Derain's conversation, I would have taken the next train to Paris as the only way out of what seemed a hopeless mess.

Alexandrina, Boris, and I dined at the tiny restaurant of the Hôtel Belli, which lay beyond and below the *jetée du Casino* on the other side of the railroad tracks. Hôtel Belli was Alexandrina's residence; hence it was the center of all ballet gossip, for Alexandrina, Diaghilev's female secretary, was an incessant collector of gossip, rumor, and love lore about everyone connected with the ballet. She was a warmhearted, gentle, and unattractive Russian girl in her early thirties, who had at one time aspired to become a ballerina. Alexandrina was as completely muddleheaded as she was devoted to "the cause" of the Ballet Russe, and she lived in constant dread of Diaghilev, who teased her at every opportunity.

Boris and Derain tried to cheer me up. They said that Diaghilev's *sortie* was just another one of those flurries of ill-temper which had become routine that spring. Boris assured me that everything was working out well, that Tchelitchev had invented marvelous sets for *Ode*, that Massine liked them and was anxiously waiting for me to start working. "Of course," he said, "all will be ready

by the time we leave Monte Carlo. Diaghilev is angry because he doesn't seem to grasp *our* ideas about the ballet. He isn't sore at you or at me but really at himself."

"Besides," said Derain, "this morning he had a run-in with *ce drôle de type* — Bauchant. Alexandrina will tell you all about it. You know, Bauchant walks around the place with his pockets bulging with photographs of his own work. If someone says something in his presence about a cucumber, Bauchant immediately pulls out a photo and says, 'Here's a *nature morte* of mine with a cucumber. Won't you buy it?'"

I had heard very little about Bauchant before coming to Monte Carlo; I knew that he was one of the several "modern primitives" whom the Parisian picture dealers had been tracking down after Vollard had made so much money with Henri Rousseau's pictures. I was amused to hear Derain's and Alexandrina's story about the bleating giggler who had made me so mad.

It appeared that on the morning of my arrival Diaghilev walked into the studio where Bauchant was supposed to be painting the sets for *Apollo*. He found Bauchant putting the last touches on a *nature morte* of his own. Looking about, Diaghilev saw a few other "contraband" *natures mortes*. There wasn't a trace of *Apollo* around. Bauchant proudly acknowledged having painted the pictures since his arrival two weeks previously in Monte Carlo. Diaghilev got furious; he informed Monsieur Bauchant-jeune that he had not been invited to Monte Carlo to paint pictures but to prepare sets; that he, Diaghilev, was not a provider of free studios for Monsieur Bauchant-jeune and that Monsieur Bauchant-jeune had better stop painting his silly pictures immediately. Bauchant listened carefully to this diatribe and "riposted" with indignation. He said that his pictures weren't silly at all and that if Monsieur de Diaghilev did not understand them it was the fault of that "saltimbanque" Picasso and all the Russian barbarians around Monsieur de Diaghilev in his ballet troupe. Naturally *they* could not like his pictures, because one has to understand the whole tradition of French painting to understand what he, Bauchant, does. But the *real* public enjoys his pictures and they sell very well. . . .

We laughed at the story and at many similar stories and gossip of which Alexandrina's memory was a storehouse. By the time the dinner was over I felt happy and gay. But I was sleepy after my night in the train and the inhospitable reception in Monte Carlo; yet it was long past midnight when Derain finally walked me to my hotel, past the last open cafés near the Casino and through the silent, steep streets of the upper reaches of the town. "Cheer up," he said as we parted, "*ça va marcher*."

(To be concluded)



Books and Men



Few books in recent years have aroused more public controversy than American Freedom and Catholic Power by PAUL BLANSHARD. The Atlantic presents a criticism of Mr. Blanshard's thesis by T. ROBERT INGRAM, together with Mr. Blanshard's rejoinder. Mr. Ingram, a former newspaperman and naval officer who served in the assaults on Palau and Okinawa, is now studying for the ministry at the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge. Mr. Blanshard, who has also studied theology, has had a varied career as journalist, lawyer, and public official. For a time he was an associate editor of the Nation.

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THE BLANSHARD BOOK

by T. ROBERT INGRAM

1

Now and again there drifts into the arena of public affairs an air of conspiracy and secret intrigue. It is as vague and intangible as the smell in the wind of a smoldering city dump — and as real. This time it blows from a book called *American Freedom and Catholic Power* by Paul Blanshard. Many reviews have hinted at intrigue by noting that the *Nation* was banned from New York City public school libraries under Catholic pressure when that magazine carried Blanshard's articles. One reviewer, last spring, expected the book to be a volcanic eruption, "especially in Boston." A more recent sidewalk comment reports knowingly that the *New York Times* refused to advertise the book, and a correspondent in the Rockies takes it for granted that "you cannot buy a copy in Boston."

All this artificial hush-hush calls up the ghostly vision of furtive American Protestants slinking out of dark doorways with a piece of dangerous underground literature under their cloaks, to be read behind drawn shades where the powers of darkness are best met and exposed. Sales are picking up in this foggy atmosphere, and corner gossip betrays a deep disturbance in non-Roman-Catholic minds. Something is wrong. The inclination is to take Granddad's "papist" blunderbuss down from over the fireplace, clean it and oil it, and wait for a calling of 1950's Minutemen of Freedom. But the call does not come, and there remains nothing but the dank wind and the lowering fog.

The publication and distribution of the book have been surrounded with no such secrecy, taboo, or underground technique. Removing literature from public school libraries is a far cry from public suppression; no volcanic eruption has come in Boston; not only are copies readily available in Boston bookstores, but there have been many re-

views, and they show a surprisingly dispassionate analysis. Early last summer the national Jesuit weekly, *America*, carried a series of seven articles dealing with the book, thus giving it wide notice in Roman Catholic circles.

Yet the spirit of privy whispering persists. One suspects it swirls up from the nature and intent of Blanshard's writing rather than from any connection with reality; for there is something inherently shameful in looking on the naked souls of men; most men instinctively turn their eyes away — or wish they had. But Mr. Blanshard, who writes as an authority, commands, "Look! See! Drag this thing out into the open. Your freedom is in peril!" Could Salem's shame have been a kindred spirit?

Responsible Protestant leaders have been unable to identify themselves with the spirit of Blanshard's book. They admit it is heavily and impressively documented; but there is nothing in it which they have not been familiar with in one way or another. Writes the reviewer in *Christianity and Crisis*: "Evangelical Christians . . . will wish to draw a sharp line between the alarming facts, which this book so accurately presents, and the conclusions which the author deduces from them. . . . Dr. Blanshard gives the appearance of an undiluted secularist, with a naïve faith in the moral impeccability of the 'social welfare state.'"

Blanshard's book is only one indication of widespread confusion and concern over the whole question of church-state relationship in the United States, and the *Information Service* of the Federal Council of Churches warns: "Although we are here chiefly concerned with the Protestant-Catholic phase of the controversy [over church, state, and school], it is important to remember that there is a third party, less easy to define, but by no means negligible. This is the group that has no direct

interest in the church, Protestant or Catholic, but is concerned with protecting public education from the church. It is called 'secularist' . . . in the sense of indifference to religion." This agrees with the Jesuit evaluation that Blanshard is a "political positivist who regards the State as the unique and absolute source of all rights." It seems also to agree with Blanshard's own opinion of his viewpoint, and certainly conforms to my own analysis.

In the present state of affairs, no matter how irritating it may be to lack any positive leadership on national policy in so crucial an issue, the fact remains that none seems to exist. For all his impressive "documentation," Blanshard does not help to clarify the issue, but seems rather to confound confusion. For example, his whole thesis rests upon the basic assumption that the Roman Catholic Church is a "state within a state, and a state above a state." But one may well ask, "What constitutes a state? And what constitutes a church?"

2

A STATE, by general agreement, has control of military and police power. Its task is to keep the peace by power of the sword. It is the greatest and most important authority known to political science — except the authority of God which is expressed in religion. It is the authority of a king, whether the king be elected or whether he inherit the throne. Whatever other powers a state may hold, it ceases to be a state in accepted use of the term when it lacks possession and control of military power.

Now it is true, as Blanshard remarks, that the Vatican does maintain a token military force of comic opera proportions; it is also true that Popes and Cardinals have in history levied and commanded great armies. But to speak of the Roman Catholic Church today as having the military power of a modern state is sheer nonsense.

What Blanshard is obviously referring to is a bureaucracy which exercises control over social affairs by administrative skill, common consent, propaganda, wealth, ownership of property, and a grass-roots organization. Such a bureaucracy, however, need not be either a state or a church. It cannot be a state if it lacks final lawmaking power. It cannot be a church if it lacks the power of a vital religion which men believe in their hearts. Both states and churches usually acquire such bureaucracies in the course of their existence, yet ultimately neither could stand on them alone. The state must rest on its military power, the Christian church on the power of the Gospel. To call a church a state, or a state a church, merely because both have bureaucracies and because both are responsible for the general welfare is to depart from the realm of sober discussion.

Such confusion of terms, however, is easy in the United States because until very recently this

country has been in fact a model political whole in which church and state have traditionally combined in so harmonious a relationship as to encourage most Americans to think of "civil government" as the sum total of agencies by which this society is governed. Neither church nor state has ever usurped the rightful authority of the other in any degree approaching Europe's tumultuous history, and the American finds it easy to accept his "civil government" as a unit. Not for over one hundred years has he found it really necessary to consider the dual nature of that government. But it has always been a duality and continues to be, however much one may argue to the contrary.

What the Americans who consciously expressed in doctrine and in practice the American principle of separation of church and state meant by it is reasonably certain: they meant that the clergyman, like the shoemaker, "stayed to his last." Necessarily this also meant that the government was effectively restrained from gradually assuming control of the church as it had done again and again in the long history of Christendom. Whatever the phrase "wall of separation" can be interpreted to mean, there is little doubt that to America as a whole in Jefferson's day and for a generation thereafter it meant a sign to the state — the military authority of the government — to keep hands off the churches, and for the clergymen to stay out of politics.

As far as schools were concerned, they were not in that day properly a function of the state. Blanshard himself notes: "Virtually all schools in colonial days were church schools, and until about 1825 the religious domination of elementary schools was taken for granted by most Americans." Sectarian quarrels were stirred up, he goes on, when the public school system was introduced, and clashes occurred when all children were gradually forced into a school system responsible to the state, not to the church.

The quarrels in public schools continue to this day, and increasingly it has become necessary to remove more and more Christian teaching from public schools altogether. The gradual shift in national thinking has completely twisted the meaning of separation of church and state until it is now, in effect, separation of education from the Christian religion. This is not separation of schools from religion, for, as Dr. James A. Pike, chaplain at Columbia University, was quoted in the press as saying, "if you teach no religion, you teach a kind of religion, which is secularism." Also, right or wrong, it has little to do with what our fathers meant by "separation of church and state," notwithstanding Jefferson's support of the public school movement. There has always been considerable doubt as to what Jefferson himself actually meant by his political dogma — whether he spoke as a Christian or as an eighteenth-century rationalist.

There is little doubt, however, as to how Blan-

shard interprets the dogma. What is not so clear is that his interpretation is of the nature of a particular religious faith. That faith is by no means a "scientific" fact, nor does it rest on long tradition and American experience. It is and has been, since its inception, an "experiment," a "new" doctrine, an instance of "change" and "progress."

No doubt many an American will resent being told that his whole faith in progress and the progressive separation of church and state, particularly "separation of schools and religion," is in fact a religious doctrine. It is usually unsettling to discover that such interpretations of life and history rest merely on "faith," and are not subject to laboratory measurement and experiment. For what a man really believes in his heart to be true he believes, by definition, cannot reasonably be otherwise. He simply assumes that what he holds to be true unquestionably is so.

It is in this dogmatic confidence that Blanshard takes issue with the Roman Catholic Church on the crucial point for all of us: he judges that church to be a sinister threat to the public weal because it "refuses to admit that the Church in the social field is simply one agency within the state." What Blanshard ignores, however, is that it is on exactly this point, and this alone, that great empires have dashed themselves to pieces against the Christian Church. This is the point at which Christianity has ultimate and final meaning for all nations; this is where an avowal of faith in the Christian God meets its last judgment. All Christian profession, whether Protestant or Catholic, explicitly declares that the church derives its existence and its authority directly from God in Christ, and that it never can bow to the supremacy of the state and still be Christian.

The four Evangelists went to great pains to write in ways that would leave no doubt upon this point. The Gospel writers profoundly believed that the church is *not* simply one agency within the state, but that it has an authority above the state. The church has so believed ever since. What Blanshard seems to be unable to comprehend is that both Roman Catholics and Protestants accept the Christian view with all the assurance of truth evident in the secularist religion, and with equal, if not greater, experience and reasoning power, and certainly with as much integrity and candor.

In Blanshard's thesis one can detect the acrid odor of burning flesh, and smoke from torches of the Ku Klux Klan. His cry sounds ominously like that of the mob before Pilate: "We have no king but Caesar." It was precisely because they refused to admit that the church was merely a department of state that Christian martyrs died in ancient Rome. American dissenters who colonized and founded this country were in dissent at home, not against Rome, but against churches established, maintained, and supported by the force of law in

their own countries. Exactly the same point is at issue today in Czechoslovakia where the Communist government is attempting to form a church that will acknowledge subservience to the state. It was the quarrel in Hungary, involving Lutheran Bishop Ordass as well as Cardinal Mindszenty, and was the story of German Christians under Adolf Hitler.

The whole history of church-state struggles in Christendom involves refusal of the church to submit to emperors and kings and admit that its right to exist depended upon the pleasure of the state. Extreme Protestants have a great deal more in common with their Roman Catholic brethren on this point than appears on the surface.

Protestants may well fear that the Roman hierarchy is too willing to compromise in this matter, too eager to become entangled with the bureaucracy of the state — with the result that they may be unable to resist the power of the state. Whatever the validity of this fear, it does not seem to be one shared by Blanshard. He rather accuses the Roman Church precisely because it will not compromise. Protestant criticism of the hierarchy, when sound, declares it is not Christian enough; the secularist fears it because it is too Christian.

3

UNDERLYING all the confusion is the greatest of all human passions — the passion for wholeness of society, free from divisions, "walls of separation," class warfare, religious strife: a passion for oneness. This passion Blanshard shares with the Christian, and the loftiest motive behind his work is this hunger for a united people.

To recognize this, however, is not to allow the validity of the way he seeks to find unity: the viciousness of nationalism is too well known in our time, and the various movements toward wholeness of the entire world are too vigorously supported to be overlooked. The international character of the Roman hierarchy seems wholly in the spirit of the age and the demands of the time; Protestant and Orthodox churches are reaching the same direction, most notably in the World Council of Churches but also in sectarian world organizations of the Congregationalists, Anglicans, Baptists, Methodists, Evangelicals, and others.

The militant secularist — unless he happens to be an international communist — is out of the running with a simple doctrine of self-sufficiency of the state. And since most men become conscious in one way or another of God, it is unlikely that any secularism can long exist: man's passion for wholeness goes beyond wholeness of his neighborhood, his nation, his world; he craves wholeness of the universe, harmony with "Nature, Man and God," as the late Archbishop William Temple of England expressed it in the title of a book.

A man's religion is reflected in what he assumes to be true in life. It determines his standard of values as to what is good and what is evil, what is true and what is false, what is to be desired and what is to be avoided. A nation's religion is reflected in the standard of values commonly accepted by the whole. The role of its church(es) is to give meaning to that standard, to promote the common faith, to preserve it from one generation to the next, and to transmit the judgment of experience from one generation to another.

The public school system — which is really the point at issue in the United States as well as in Czechoslovakia — was established 125 years ago as a means of realizing a particular kind of unity in America. Blanshard's greatest service will be to point up the intensity of passions involved in the public school, and it may well be that the publishing of his book at this time will force men of broader vision to re-examine this chosen path to unity. It may well have been overemphasized and have turned into a bone for dogs to fight over. It may be, in the long run, that church schools bring peace and unity by giving each dog his own bone; there is a well-placed faith in unity through diversity rather than regimentation and uniformity.

Meantime the fundamental American policy of separation of church and state remains sound. It needs only careful agreement as to the nature of the functions of each; for civil government consists of both in a mystical union, not in the elimination of one or the other. As for the specter of the Roman Church raised by Blanshard, it looks quite different to the Protestant Christian than it does to the secularist.

Protestant Bishop Norman B. Nash of Massachusetts is reported in the press as telling schoolmasters: "Both Protestants and Catholics are better off in this country because of the existence of the other. Both have contributions to make to national life, and that is part of the strength of Christianity in this country." And Protestants have done rather well, Mr. Blanshard, at resisting religious uniformity. You have little to fear from either Catholic or Protestant unless you arouse a spirit of anti-Christ, in which case we no doubt will all meet the same judgment of God together — the kind of judgment that fell on Hitler's Germany, if you need to have illustrations. It came upon the just and the unjust alike, but woe to him who forced the issue. I pray the wind from your book will soon change and blow from a new direction.

PAUL BLANSHARD REPLIES

THE main contention of my *American Freedom and Catholic Power* was that the system of power developed by the Roman Catholic hierarchy is encroaching upon certain non-devotional areas of American democracy, such as foreign policy and taxation, education and freedom of thought, marriage and medicine. In building up my case I was persistently *specific*. With the help of some of the world's finest and most generous scholars, I loaded down every charge against Catholic policy with detailed documentation out of the mouths of Catholic authorities themselves. I spent very little time in discussing the theory of church and state, and no time at all in discussing the place of religion in society. I explained in my first chapter that this "is a book not about the Catholic faith but about the cultural, political and economic policies of the rulers of the Catholic Church."

Mr. Ingram ignores the factual side of my book and spends his time discussing the general theory of the relation of church and state, and my alleged position in the world of religious thought. He does not try to deny that the Roman Catholic Church is a complete dictatorship in which the American Catholic people have no participating control; nor does he specifically attempt to justify the particular

policies which I attack, such as the celibate rule on birth control, the theological coercion applied to Catholic parents to maintain a segregated Catholic school system, or the treatment of non-Catholics as second-class citizens in mixed marriage.

I have no quarrel with some of his remarks on religion as a means of preserving standards of value. Nor can he find a single quotable sentence to substantiate the notion that I am opposed to all religious influence. The reason is obvious. I wrote my book with scrupulous neutrality on the general questions of religious faith because I thought that the time had come to state the purely American (as distinct from the sectarian) case against the Catholic power-system. It happens that I am neither a positivist nor a secularist "in the sense of indifference to religion," but whether I am a Mohammedan or a Presbyterian is wholly irrelevant to a consideration of the case I have presented against the encroachments of Catholic power upon American democracy.

I do not necessarily favor an all-powerful state or a state devoid of all religious influences because, in the particular struggle in 1950 between the Catholic hierarchy and American democracy, I happen to favor American democracy. I tend to have a

pragmatic view on the competing claims of churches and states for power. I favor a democratic state against an authoritarian church because I do not like governments operated by terror, military or theological; but there are some churches that I might actually support against some states. I might, for example, support a Congregational church in Madrid against Franco, or a Unitarian church in Prague against Gottwald (if he isn't purged before this goes to print) — or a Roman Catholic church in Moscow against Stalin, provided the sole issue involved happened to be freedom for purely religious activity.

The question before us is not how much religion every state should have in theory, nor even how much authority every church should have in practice, but how much authority should be possessed in the United States in 1950 by an ecclesiastical autocracy which claims prior and superior power over American democracy in determining certain standards of conduct for Catholics in the areas of education, marriage, divorce, sex hygiene, censorship, and medical ethics. Even if Mr. Ingram could "prove" by quoting Thomas Aquinas that the Catholic hierarchy has a "natural right" to control those non-devotional areas of American life in 1950, that would not prove the *wisdom* of the particular policies which the Vatican seeks to impose in the exercise of that "natural right."

I think that the First Amendment prohibits the appropriation of public funds for Catholic schools, and I am happy that the United States Supreme Court, on the whole, bears me out. I oppose the government subsidy of religious institutions as an unfortunate policy because experience has shown that it tends to overburden the state and corrupt the church. If the policy were carried to its logical conclusion in the United States, we might have state-supported school systems for Methodists, Baptists, Catholics, and Jews (to mention only a few), and the purpose of our Constitution, "to form a more perfect Union," might in the end be defeated.

Mr. Ingram thinks that it may be unfair to call the Catholic Church a state because it lacks the military trappings and military power of statehood; he prefers the label of bureaucracy. It does not seem to me very important what you call the Roman power-system so long as you understand its dual nature. It operates on both the political and devotional levels. Cardinal Spellman calls it "a sovereign state," and for once I am inclined to accept him as an authority. It has no army, to be sure, but it has diplomats, and a diplomat may be as effective an agent of imperial power as a gunboat.

Mr. Ingram is within his rights in calling the Vatican "international," but it is international only in a narrow sense. It is a centralized Roman oligarchy operating in all countries through appointed agents called bishops, who are not responsible to the people in those countries, but to the central oli-

garchy. The World Council of Churches, with which Mr. Ingram brackets the Vatican, is a truly representative international organization with delegates from the Protestant peoples of various nations. The Vatican will not permit its bishops to sit in the same room with these delegates.

2

A LONG and exciting controversy began with publication of my articles on Catholic policy in the *Nation*; it led to the banning of that magazine in the New York high school libraries, to a counter-attack by American liberals, to the rejection of my book by ten New York publishers, to the final launching in studied silence, and then the slow, steady ascent to the best-seller list. During this fight I have become convinced that what the American public needs, in order to understand the significance of the controversy, is the affirmation and reaffirmation of certain basic facts which both the Catholic hierarchy and the American press are unwilling to state in plain English.

Not the least important fact is that the present Catholic controversy is not a controversy about religious freedom or religious discrimination. There is no personal bias involved, and no "acrid odor of burning flesh" except in the imagination of Mr. Ingram. Almost every American agrees that the Roman Catholic Church should have complete freedom in the United States to advocate any religious or non-religious doctrine or policy that the Holy See wishes to promulgate. And there is no disposition to question the moral worth or patriotic loyalty of the American Catholic people or their rank-and-file priests and nuns.

It should be emphasized, of course, that the Roman Catholic Church, the largest and most powerful church in the United States, is not an American church. It is a Roman church functioning on American soil. All its major policies and doctrines are determined in Rome.

The American Catholic people pay most of the expenses of this central organization, but they have no representation at headquarters. They are never permitted to hold a plenary convention of the American Catholic people, or even of the American Catholic bishops. They are never allowed to choose their own priests, bishops, cardinals, or popes, or to determine their own policies or doctrines. It is one of the basic assumptions of the Catholic system of power that authority over all Catholics in the world has been granted by God to one man in Rome.

This Roman Catholic power-system is not merely a church. It is a completely undemocratic government with temporal status, a Secretary of State, and diplomats at the leading capitals. It constantly uses the power of some 350 million Catholics throughout the world in behalf of purposes that are political, cultural, and medical as well as religious.

It never gives the American Catholic people as a group the chance to decide for themselves whether they should favor more liberal divorce laws, or accept birth control, or send their children to public schools as other Americans do. At the present time, without any vote of the American Catholic people, the hierarchy is using its political influence in behalf of three Catholic dictators who are opposed to almost everything that American democracy represents — Franco in Spain, Salazar in Portugal, and Perón in Argentina. When, because of the Vatican's friendship for these three dictators, American Catholics hear Catholicism described as "the fascist form of Christianity," they can only wince and fume at this half-truth; they cannot change the policies which have given their church this reputation.

3

WHY is it that the policies of the Catholic hierarchy are almost never discussed publicly in the United States on their merits? One reason for the silence and evasion is that critics are subjected to three kinds of censorship which, in effect, have become part of the Catholic system of power.

Censorship by suppression. Within the Catholic community the hierarchy suppresses hostile criticism by teaching that error has no rights against truth, and that any dogma taught by the Pope is *per se* true. Under its canon law, the hierarchy will not permit any Catholic, except by special permission, to read, buy, sell, borrow, lend, or favorably review any book which directly attacks the hierarchy and its dogmas. There is no "artificial hush" about this rule; the machinery designed to enforce it operates openly and without disguise.

Naturally, the hierarchy is more indirect and discreet in attempting to apply its censorship system to non-Catholics than to Catholics. In these days it almost never (in the United States) threatens a publisher or a political figure directly. Politicians and publishers are usually so amenable to Catholic pressure that no overt threats are necessary. Several of the ten publishers who rejected *American Freedom and Catholic Power* admitted quite frankly that the real reason for the rejection was that they feared Catholic reprisals, but I do not believe that one of them was approached or threatened directly by any agent of the hierarchy.

The worst punishment that can be meted out to any author in the American book world is silence and avoidance. When the book was finally published by a courageous Boston house, and sent to 150 daily newspapers for review, only seven of them ventured to touch it. One great newspaper, for the first time in its history, sent orders to its book review department, even before the book had arrived, that under no circumstances must it be reviewed. One syndicate ripped out a favorable review from a

printed feature sheet, held up the sheet, and then ran two or three unfavorable paragraphs taken from the review as the expression of the reviewer's judgment.

When the Beacon Press tried to insert in the *New York Times* an advertisement which included the very generous endorsement of John Haynes Holmes, the advertisement was rejected, and to this day, even after the book has been recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club and the American Library Association, the *Times* still adheres to its decision.

Censorship by vilification. Any person in public life who directly criticizes Catholic policy as stupid or reactionary is vilified by the hierarchy as "anti-Catholic" or "bigoted"; and such an attack is usually enough to ruin the political career of any candidate for public office in the North or East. The attack on critics is sometimes made by an organization like the Catholic War Veterans, sometimes by an individual, as when Cardinal Spellman attacked Mrs. Roosevelt.

Censorship by appeasement. Some liberal intellectuals in this country impose upon themselves a kind of self-censorship which prevents any direct criticism of Catholic policy. They know that it would be a cultural disaster of the first magnitude if the United States became a clerical state, but they want someone else to do their fighting for them. They tend to rationalize their timidity as tolerance, and to look down their noses at all crusaders. Fortunately, the timid intellectuals do not represent the American majority, and increasingly they are accepting the notion that it is not intolerant to attack an intolerant system of power.

To me the most depressing fact in the whole controversy is that liberal Catholics have almost no voice or forum within the Catholic system of power. If they agree with me — and I am convinced that many do — they cannot reach their fellow Catholics through any existing organs of the Church. When, after I had been repeatedly assailed in a Vermont Catholic paper, I offered to bring a carload of my Catholic neighbors to the nearest Vermont church and state my case to an all-Catholic audience, the answer was an evasive negative. Probably 90 per cent of the critical letters I have received during the last three years from devout Catholics have revealed by internal evidence that the writers had never read a page I had written.

Conversely, the hierarchy does not control our non-Catholic universities, and that is where *American Freedom and Catholic Power* has received the biggest welcome — for a time it was the No. 2 best-seller in college bookstores throughout the country. This interest in the colleges raises the hope that in the future the resistance movement against the abuses of Catholic power will keep its sights high and avoid the pitfalls of fanatical partisanship.

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

WE ARE a people of contagious enthusiasms. We never do things by halves. Television is our newest craze, and it is anyone's guess how much it will change the use of our leisure.

When I was in London in 1948 my friends in the BBC told me that Britain had already passed through the hypnotism of television. The new medium was no longer a novelty, sales in London had slowed down, and spectators were settling back with the realization that there were other ways of spending an evening.

But here the craze is still in an early stage of acceleration, and with us television is sure to reach a far larger percentage of the population. More than 3.5 million sets are now in use, and upwards of 190,000 households are being converted each month. Sets are sold on no cash down; they are being sold like an English geyser: you or your neighbors drop in a quarter each time you want to use it, and when you have slotted the price of the set it is yours. It isn't only the well-to-do who are being hypnotized. Look at any new development in the suburbs and count the number of television sets.

American reaction to a novelty as powerful as this is hard to predict. Radio never followed the expected course. First came the excitement of the homemade sets with earphones — "I got Dallas last night!" For a short time radio was regarded as predominantly an educational device, and many universities applied for licenses. Then, as the craze took hold, music monopolized the air; jazz, torch singers, classical music, and finally the symphonies crowded the program, and it was predicted that phonograph records were through. But radio had the opposite effect: it actually broadened the demand for records. Next came the popularity of the spoken word, when Amos and Andy, Alexander Woollcott, Jack Pearl, Town Meeting, Kaltenborn, Information Please, and the fresh years of

Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and Charlie McCarthy took command of millions of households. People stayed home to listen to their favorite programs; they wouldn't answer the telephone when Woollcott or Fadiman began to speak. Television is a long way short of that point. But it has already affected every household under its spell.

How does it affect you?

I should say that there are five areas in which television has affected our use of leisure. Check these off and tell me where you differ.

1. Begin with the children, who are the most hypnotized members of any family. The children's programs, the puppet shows in particular, are of a higher quality than the average of television. As a result television has intensified the problem of homework. For two decades we have been bringing up children who could do their homework while the radio was on. But books make no sense at all when kids are looking at the screen. So parents have to invent a new discipline for enforcing homework — and after that, for getting the kids to bed. Check?

2. Sports. We were beginning to be a nation of spectators before television was accessible. Now we no longer have to brave the elements as we watch. Television of college football will drive most athletic associations still further into the red; it has already forced a reorganization of the pros. "Why should I sit out in that damn cold stadium when I can see the game so much better at home?"

Personally I don't believe that sport is half as good as it could be in television. The line plays in football you see vividly, but the surprise and sweep of a long forward pass are completely muffed. So too with the kicking, which needs a wide-angle lens to be appreciated.

In hockey I can never see the puck. In baseball the pitch is too fast. The best sport in television is a good fight or the spectacle of a couple of behemoths grimacing their way through a wrestling show, but is that worth an hour every evening?

3. The stage. Television still seems infatuated with third-rate vaudeville from which the amusing, ribald lines have been censored. Occasionally we do get a well-rehearsed, well-acted production of a Broadway hit. But even this is not shown to best advantage. It seems to me wasteful for an advertising agency to devote \$12,000 and six rehearsals to the reproduction of a good play, a novel, or a short story, and then kill it after one showing. It is a waste of good talent and it is thick-headed to think

that the millions who would like to see it can all be at home at one time. I think good promotion and word-of-mouth advertising would build up an audience for a production which could be repeated several times.

4. The films. The time has not yet arrived, but may come, when we can sit at home and take our pick of some of the most famous old films that Hollywood has produced. With the good old A pictures I hope they will also include the best Disneys, the best short Benchleys, and the best documentaries of the war. Couldn't we rent something like this from the telephone company? Or will television, by providing a new form, take over the movie theaters?

5. Reading. Television will not affect the conscientious readers, what I call the real, first-class readers to whom good books are a necessary and steady diet. But it has already affected the second-class readers, the people who have been spending maybe \$20 a year on their books and magazines and more than a couple of whom have told me, "Ever since television came into our house, I just know that it has held us for more than an hour a night when we might have been reading." Television still leaves much to be desired. But when color is perfected and program directors are given greater scope the competition will increase.

The Theater

Daphne du Maurier is a weaver of enchantment, a gifted romantic writer who exerts in our generation the charm and bewitchment which her grandfather exerted in *Trilby* and which her father exerted in the English theater. Her talent is individual, not derivative: she has displayed it in historical novels — *Frenchman's Creek* and *The King's General*, stories which were richly colored and to me a shade implausible — and in *Rebecca*, a contemporary novel altogether fascinating in its power of illusion.

In *The Parasites* (Doubleday, \$3.00), Miss du Maurier returns to the modern and to the London stage which is in her blood. The "Parasites" for whom the book is named are the three children of the fabulous Delaneys: Maria, Niall, and Celia, a fiercely protective trio in their half-sister, half-brother relationship. Maria, grown to be a famous star, was the result of Pappy's first marriage (?) to a little Viennese actress; Niall, the languid composer of dance tunes, was the result of an affair Mama had with a pianist before she met Delaney; and Celia, their half sister and the least talented of the three, is the daughter who took care of Pappy after Mama's tragedy and who knows to a tick the inner workings of this illustrious theatrical household.

The story begins in the spring of 1949 when Charles, Maria's husband, in an outburst of long-contained anger, tells off the Parasites for what they are. Thereafter we follow the story on two

planes — now in the consoling, half-accusatory conversation of the trio as they review their life in the living room of Menabilly; now in the flashbacks which occur to each as they are reminded of the crisis in their relationship; thus past and present are fused to a point of reality.

This is evocative writing: a study of talent and temperament, a picture of backstage rehearsals and tumultuous first nights, of a home life in hotels and on tour. It was a glittering triumph for the elder Delaneys, who were born to greatness and never had a moment of misgiving, but only a half life for the children, who lacked their parents' confidence and capacity. The scenes of the stage are delightful in detail; the vignettes of that snowy night on which Maria made her debut, of Paris in August, of Pappy in a restaurant getting maudlin, are wonderfully to the life. Niall's composing seems to me to leave something to be desired; Tin Pan Alley, I think, requires a tougher schooling. No, it is for the character drawing of the four women and for Pappy's magnificence that this book will be remembered.

The Studio

The Horse's Mouth by Joyce Cary (Harper, \$3.00) is a laughing, scampish novel about a London artist too old to pay his way in Bohemia. As a younger man Gulley Jimson had fame, two wives, a few years of good money, and always a willful independence; now, at the age of sixty-seven, although his warm, fleshy nudes still fetch big prices at Christie's, Jimson himself has descended to the level of a disreputable and beloved vagabond living from hand to mouth, or more literally from hand to gaol, because of his irrepressible habit of shoplifting, of pilfering any valuable small objects that come within his reach. He has just finished a six-month sentence as this story begins, and is on his way back to the leaky little boathouse on the bank of the Thames where he left his last canvas and brushes before the bobby picked him up.

Jimson hasn't finished or sold a painting in fifteen years, but his spirit is undaunted. Everything he sees reminds him of a new subject, and particularly of a large-scale design for an *Expulsion from Eden*, a composition which changes its color and form in accordance with his mood. Gulley's reckless vitality is never curbed by his poverty. He is often wet and miserable, but his quest for a secondhand canvas and some tubes of paint, his love of William Blake, whose poetry is always running through his head, and his need for warmth and drink and affection are every bit as exciting to him now as they were when his pictures were selling and he could have had any woman for a second glance. In his extremity he is cared for by a barmaid, a young art student, the cobbler and the postman, and by a very solemn young biographer, Mr. Alabaster. But what really keeps him afloat is his inner buoyancy,

and it is this, his tenacious, temperamental self, which makes the story.

Joyce Cary has succeeded in that most difficult assignment of making the reader see as an artist might — rain as it slants across the Thames, London dawn as Gulley emerges from the flophouse, the lovely remembrance of young Sara (“the real old original fireship”) as she steps from her bath. Here are the pictures, and here is the insatiable desire to paint on old sacks, on secondhand canvas, on blank walls; and here in unexpected corners of the story are the spicy jibes at art books and art schools, the mockery of art dealers and of innocent art patrons, the whole illuminated scene flowing out of the laughing rapsallion mind of Gulley Jimson.

The School and the Study

It was the example of Van Wyck Brooks which first encouraged Louise Hall Tharp to follow up the career of *The Peabody Sisters of Salem* (Little, Brown, \$4.00). Mrs. Tharp is a New Englander: ancestors of hers had been pilloried at Salem, and Salem as a place and a past flicked her imagination. While her children were in college she gained confidence in the writing of her books for children; then in her maturity she began her study of those three girls who were the talk of Boston and the North Shore one hundred years ago.

They were the daughters of Dr. Peabody of Salem, a middling doctor and a better than middling dentist who dabbled in mesmerism and whose bank balance was never sufficient for his demanding children. Elizabeth was the oldest — a strong-willed, demonstrative optimist “with that glowing faith in the future which made her at the same time so lovable and so exasperating.” She was a hard worker with a mind men liked to work with. Dr. Channing tested out his sermons on her when she was his secretary. Bronson Alcott used her as a sounding board and his most magnetic instructor (though he never paid her) in that school of his which finally horrified Boston. And Horace Mann after the death of his wife turned to her for consolation though not for her love.

Mary, the second daughter, was a one-man woman, more self-effacing than Elizabeth, but no less determined in her love of Horace Mann, whom she eventually married and followed to Antioch. Sophia, the most charming, the most feminine, the most gifted of the three, had the grit to develop her very real talent for painting and the charm and sensitivity to prove an admirable wife for Hawthorne.

In style and technique the book is a blend, and a very good one, of letters and diaries and Mrs. Tharp’s reanimation of the past. In its scenes, in its conversation, in its detailed knowledge of the background, it is an invigorating, honestly recapitulated chronicle. These people mattered largely in their day, and we enjoy that day and feel their vitality in this leisurely and attractive book.

Reader’s Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



SINCE the war, no foreign correspondent has made the splash that was made by a Walter Duranty, a Vincent Sheean, a William Shirer, or an Ernie Pyle: the generals, admirals, and statesmen have been stealing the show. It was to be expected that the war leaders’ memoirs would do this; it might also have been expected that, when the war-time secrets had been bared, the initiative would return to the journalist-historians. But the latter are still confronted with stiff competition. The men who have been making current history have gone on writing it — just as soon as it was made.

Two such volumes have just been published (a third, General Clay’s, is due this month): *My Three Years in Moscow* (Lippincott, \$3.75) by Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith, Ambassador to Russia from 1946 to 1949, and *Berlin Command* (Putnam’s, \$3.50) by Brigadier General Frank Howley, who during the past four years was deputy commandant and later commandant of the American sector in Berlin. General Smith, a professional soldier, agrees with the British journalist who said, “There are no experts on the Soviet Union; there are only varying degrees of ignorance.” Frank Howley, an advertising man before the war, would have you know that there certainly is one expert — possibly one only — on dealing with the Russians, and that his name is Howley.

Mission to Moscow

General Smith “briefed” himself for his Russian assignment with extensive reading, and his judgments show a keen awareness of the influence of history and geography on Russian policy. His tone is self-effacing, levelheaded, and undogmatic. The result is a very illuminating, readable, and uniquely reliable report, which clarifies and amplifies our knowledge on a wide variety of matters.

Russian treatment of the Western diplomats in Moscow now amounts, almost, to a severance of relations. In three years, Ambassador Smith was able to see Stalin only four times; he entered the Kremlin, on an average, only once every two months. The U.S. position, however, was made abundantly clear to the Politburo: the Ambassador did not allow diplomatic gentilities to cloud the language used in top-level exchanges.

There really was, General Smith believes, a

decided difference of opinion in the Politburo concerning relations with the West: the aggressive policy which won out was the policy of Stalin himself. General Smith does not expect that Stalin's death will precipitate a titanic struggle such as followed Lenin's. He foresees a division of power between Stalin's closest associates: Molotov, Malenkov, and Beria. The topics covered by the former Ambassador range from slave labor (his estimate is 15 million) to the formidable difficulty of buying a chicken in Moscow (he had to go in person to the Ministry of Agriculture); from anti-Semitism to the art purge and the Lysenko controversy; from the Voice of America broadcasts (their effect was "very great" until jamming started) to the ramifications of the struggle with Tito; from the acute housekeeping problems of the Embassy to the acute class consciousness of the Communist hierarchy — at official Soviet entertainments the guests are conducted to different rooms, according to their rank, and the quantity and quality of the refreshments served them are graduated correspondingly.

The former Ambassador's main conclusions are: (1) Though the Soviet's unchanging objective is world domination, its present policy "seems to be based on the expectation of peace for several years." (2) The Kremlin has fomented the fear of imminent war to justify continuance of the police state, to impede the economic recovery of the West, and to cover up present Soviet weakness. (3) We must be prepared for an increase of aggressive pressure with the advance of the series of five-year plans, and for a contest "of indefinite duration." (4) The U.S.S.R. is not likely to gamble on war *unless the odds look favorable*.

"Nyet! Nyet!"

General Howley fervently agrees with General Smith that the only chance of averting war is to mobilize to the utmost the united strength of the West; to "pour out aid to all of Russia's neighbors." He recommends, further, a more intensive propaganda offensive, withdrawal of diplomatic recognition from the Soviet, and an economic blockade.

Berlin Command is a blow-by-blow account of Howley's slugging match with the Russians — he spent two thousand hours face to face with them at the conference table. His tone, un-

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fortunately, is disagreeably boastful and cocksure, and patronizingly critical of any colleague or superior who did not see eye to eye with him. In spite of this, I found myself admiring his toughness with the Russians, and frequently cheered him as he came back with a surprise punch when the opposition was congratulating itself on a knockout.

The most dramatic aspect of the cold war is covered in these pages: the beginning of the Berlin occupation; the first elections and the crises leading up to the Russian blockade; the whole of the airlift operation (which cost seventy lives and more than half a billion dollars); and its immediate consequences. The book's most important contribution is its close-up — the fullest and most intimate we have had — of the day-to-day enormities of Russian policy in action. We get a sickeningly clear picture of a new kind of war of nerves, which seeks to force surrender not so much through panic as by inducing total frustration and nervous collapse. Its tactics are a compound of studied rudeness and systematic evasion and stalling; of the invariable "Nyet! Nyet!" and the never ceasing filibuster. The Russians in Berlin even made a Marxist issue of the control of potato bugs!

General Howley is sometimes unimpressive when discussing German politics. He seems to consider baseball the ideal means of indoctrinating German youth with democratic principles (the Nazis, too, were strong on athletics); and he naïvely takes German hatred of the Russians as proof of a conversion to democracy. "We have guided Berlin Germans to a concept of democracy similar to our own," he writes, a claim flatly contradicted by the stream of dispatches from Germany highlighting the resurgence of authoritarianism.

Berlin Command tells an important and exciting story. Like its author, it packs a vigorous punch. But Howley's self-esteem alone makes one wonder just how much of the book is out of focus.

The adventures of Rosie

Exactly ten years ago, a novel that is still well remembered, *How Green Was My Valley*, won high praise and an admiring following for **Richard Llewellyn**. Three years later, he scored another success with *None But the Lonely Heart*. A good many readers, I imagine, are awaiting his

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latest novel, *A Few Flowers for Shiner* (Macmillan, \$3.00), a story centered on a British soldier in Italy during the last war. I must regretfully report that it seemed to me a dismal performance.

The novelist who writes about the British soldier is confronted with a formidable challenge: how to steer clear of the sentimental, cliché-ridden tradition of the indomitable Tommy with the rude exterior and the heart of gold. Mr. Llewellyn, to my dismay, has lovingly embraced that tradition, and treats us to all of its clichés and sentimentalities. What is more, the narrative which he has fashioned to reveal to us the heart and mind of his hero, a cockney truck-driver, is beset with confusion and improbabilities.

The plot summary on the dust jacket is so apposite that I can't refrain from drawing on it. "When Snowy set out [on leave] to put a few flowers on the grave of his mate, he wanted no company except Rosie, his faithful old truck. But he had to take along Bill . . . whose tough talk . . . was only the armor for an unusually tender heart. Soon they picked up Max, an American deserter; and then a Princess, who carried with her all the glamor of castles and high life, in spite of her aching feet and her American background. As the four drove along . . . they met many adventures. But the real excitement began when Rosie, the truck, was abducted by a ruthless gang of deserters terrorizing the countryside." At this point the action becomes so preposterous and so involved that two readings failed to make sense of it.

Mr. Llewellyn's characterization of Snowy and Bill is sometimes rather touching. It takes more than noble hearts, though, to make a good novel.

"This too, too solid flesh"

Two novels stood out of the year's first arrivals by virtue of fine prose and striking individuality, a quality I've come to rate increasingly highly: so much current fiction turns out to be the mixture as before. Neither *A Long Day's Dying* (Knopf, \$3.00) nor *The Four-Chambered Heart* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2.75) can safely be recommended to anyone whose sympathies lie with the conventional craftsman; both are warmly recommended to the reader who takes special pleasure in sensitive writing and original vision.

A Long Day's Dying introduces a 23-year-old author, **Frederick**

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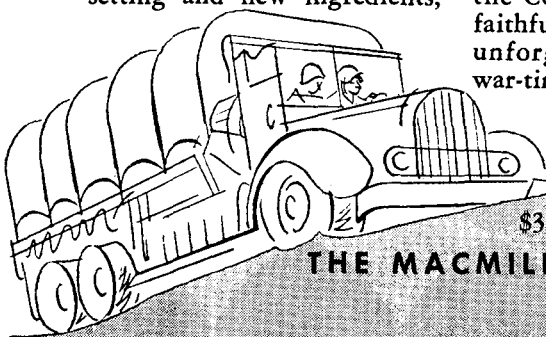
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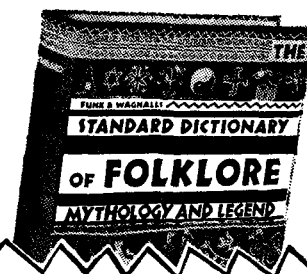
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Buechner. Over the novel presides a sympathetic and most unusual figure: a fat man, immensely fat and immensely dignified; a wealthy bachelor who as a foil to his solemnity keeps a performing monkey. This Tristram Bone is at once majestic and pathetic, for his Olympian poise is founded on the recognition — not untinged with humor — that many things permissible to slighter men would be for him grotesque. Bone is silently in love with Elizabeth Poor, a beautiful widow nearing forty, whose great physical charm and complex triviality Mr. Buechner has projected with admirable skill. This triumph over the cliché is matched in his treatment of Bone's German housekeeper and in his amusing portrait of another of the principals, a well-known novelist: clever, effeminate, and dislikable. The novelist contributes the crucial development in the story: he betrays to Bone Elizabeth's week-end affair with a young college professor.

Mr. Buechner has written a perceptive and often astringently witty study of subtle human relationships and delicate tensions; a book which continually reaches for the emotional meanings of the moment. It left me, I must confess, with a sense of exceptional promise not fully realized. The parts never quite coalesce into a meaningful whole; the concluding chapters fail to mold the story into a dramatic unity. *A Long Day's Dying* remains, essentially, a succession of brilliantly sketched scenes and sensitively handled situations; a tapestry of marvelously rich texture but one that seems unfinished. This was more than enough, as far as I was concerned, to make the novel a welcome discovery.

The life of the heart

With *The Four-Chambered Heart*, we move into the very special world of Anais Nin, a writer whose previous work has won the highest praise from Edmund Wilson, Rebecca West ("real genius"), and other connoisseurs. Miss Nin, the daughter of a Spanish musician, grew up in Paris and later settled in the United States. She has been a fashion model and a professional dancer, and has been writing since her teens. Her biography contains a further item worth reporting, a fine instance of "man bites dog": plenty of psychoanalysts have turned writer in their spare time, but Miss Nin is the only professional novelist



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I've heard of who has been a practicing psychoanalyst.

Anais Nin's is, as Edmund Wilson has said, "a world of feminine perception and feminine fancy"; a world, too, in which the iron curtain between the ego and the unconscious is continually pierced. Her work, I should add, is as far removed as possible from the clinical atmosphere of the fictional "case history." The climate of *The Four-Chambered Heart* is one of pure feeling; the book's voice is that of the heart and the instincts.

The effects achieved by Miss Nin's writing — poetic prose of singular vitality and beauty — reminded me, rather strongly, of the dance. *The Four-Chambered Heart* evokes the grace-in-motion and the elegant patterns, the emotional directness and the dreamlike aura, of a classical ballet. In fact, the story of Djuna and Rango (for some reason, I deplore the choice of names) could be described, fairly accurately, as a ballet on the life of the heart, with choreography "inspired" by Freud.

In the music of Rango's guitar, Djuna hears the answer to a youthful longing. This Rango with the "burnt sienna skin" has come to Paris from the mountains of Guatemala and now earns his living in night clubs. Djuna asks him to play for her dancing, and they fall in love. There follows an ecstatic interlude; then Rango, obeying a deep unconscious impulse, starts to destroy their love by his jealousy, his childishness, the chaos and violence of his Bohemian ways. Djuna sees that the music she responded to was a mirage, that she has stepped into an Indian volcano. Still loving Rango deeply, she comes to see that it was the volcano she was drawn to: Rango is all of the things she stifled in her childhood. With this knowledge she struggles to save their love from its own poisons.

"The world today is rootless," Djuna says to Rango. "The only remedy is to begin in a world of two; in two there is hope of perfection, and that in turn may spread. . . . But it must begin at the base, in the relationship of man and woman." *The Four-Chambered Heart* explores that relationship on a level to which very few contemporary novels penetrate. It confronts us with the truth that nothing is harder to achieve than the fusion of two human beings; and it celebrates the answering truth — the importance and the beauty of that fusion.

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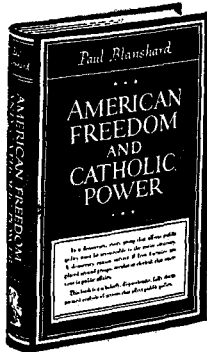
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Gide is well below par in these three novelettes, in which a wife, husband, and daughter successively give their versions of an unhappy marriage. The theme is Gide's favorite: the conflict between the "counterfeit," conformist personality, with its self-deceptions and its cant, and the "real" personality, with its dangerous impulses. The wife gradually discovers that her husband is an unctuous fake and decides to leave him. But her sense of duty wins out and her life becomes a tragic farce. Gide then puts the husband's case so skillfully that you cannot condemn him unless you accept, as Gide does, the idea of morality as a wholly private affair; and he also brings into the balance the hazards of that idea. The same issue is more crudely dramatized in the story of the daughter.

THE STRANGE LIFE OF CHARLES WATERTON by *Richard Aldington*. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$3.00.

Charles Waterton (1782-1865), an English gentleman, had a habit of scratching the back of his head with the big toe of his right foot; he stood on treetops to read Plato; he rode bareback on an alligator; he tried to soothe a sprained ankle by holding it under Niagara Falls; and he once climbed the dome of St. Peter's and left his gloves on the lightning conductor. An ardent naturalist, Squire Waterton converted his ancestral estate into a bird sanctuary. He built himself a pair of wings and tried to fly with them. For thirty-four years he slept on the floor, and he started the day at three in the morning. Waterton always described himself as "the most commonplace of men."

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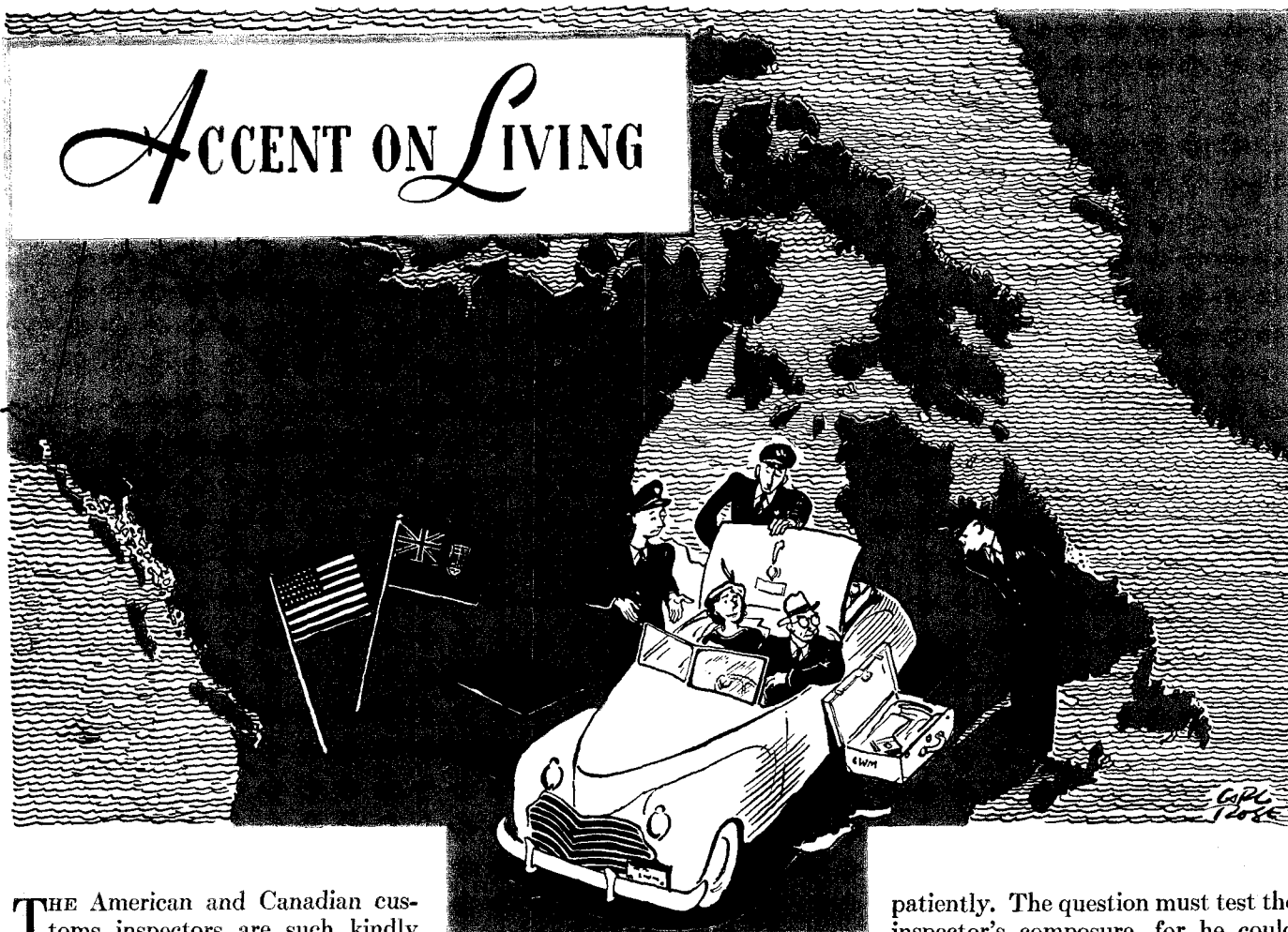


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ACCENT ON LIVING



THE American and Canadian customs inspectors are such kindly and competent men that the very nature of their assignment must embarrass them. Each is obliged by his government to carry out certain odd procedures of no conceivable use to either nation. I doubt that any good whatever comes of it or that anything in the deal could stand a brisk what-of-it? test.

The hapless Canadian, for instance, must ask the American traveler if he is carrying "an expensive camera" or a radio set or some third object so improbable that I have forgotten what it is. The idea seems to be that this would be a terrible state of affairs, and all hands are vastly relieved when the traveler — hardly believing his ears at the bizarre items of the questions — answers them in the negative.

After knocking down these windmills, the Canadian inspector must then probe the intent of the traveler — where is he going, what will he do and for how long? This sounds as if Canada wished to discourage immigration, yet any American can move to Canada, and her policy towards immigrants is considerably more liberal than our own.

The American inspector in turn is handed an even nuttier chore.

THIS MONTH

His homeward-bound compatriots can bring in, after a 48-hour stay, \$200 worth of goods duty free; the inspector, however, must simulate our government's interest in these pathetic odds and ends if they amount to more than \$25. (An additional \$300 exemption boon is granted to those who have stayed in Canada for more than twelve days. If there's anything our government can't abide, it's a tourist who stays away less than twelve days.)

Because the American tourist is honest to the point of being a bore about it, he confesses purchases amounting to \$127.63 and lists them on our government's capacious form: "6 men's handkerchiefs @ 58¢, 2 ditto @ 95¢; 2 pr. slipper socks, \$4.10; 1 hooked rug, \$14.00; 6 crocheted doilies, \$4.00." The list goes on — sweet-grass baskets, some Minton cups and saucers, knitting yarn, a few yards of linen.

"You are not bringing in any of these things for sale? They're for your personal use?" the inspector asks

patiently. The question must test the inspector's composure, for he could hardly view the tourist's oddments as the basis of a financial coup. But the tourist is proud of them and flattered by the question. Oh, entirely for his personal use, he replies with the pious air of one who would no more take money for a teacup than turn procurer. This answer is pleasing to the government too; the tourist is building up a perfect score. He has been away more than twelve days and he's not going to offer any of his loot for sale — a paragon.

The Canadian government — to appease what American interests one can only conjecture — asserts a few simple export limits on the foodstuffs that an American may bring back: not more than "7 lbs. of flour, 5 lbs. of cheese, and 5 lbs. of pork products," but all other food items "may be taken over the line in any reasonable quantity" without offending the Canadians. One gets the impression that *contrabandistas* in this category have been pretty well driven to cover, for I do not recall any serious search for an undeclared excess of pancake mix in our own case. We were as blameless of flour on our return as we were of Canadian cigars, but we could have been cheese-runners or sausage-

smugglers of the deepest dye for all the Canadians cared. At that, I should not have blamed the Canadians for being sensitive about their common cheese, which is alarmingly orange in color and as tasteless as the American "pasteurized" product.

Naturally, the traveler indulges both governments in their border antics rather than stop a bullet or cross the frontier by stealth. On both sides of the line are economists, nationalists, lobbyists, and wizards who are able to prove that either country would collapse without its particular brand of trade regulation. They can tell you to a decimal point the consequences of a tariff switch on English china or American typewriters and what the repercussions in the wheat

fields would be. But this assumes that large masses of people are predictable in their behavior and that the wizard himself can predict it correctly. Alas, scarcely any two wizards agree in their predictions. Who can foretell, even on the single matter of tourist traffic into Canada, the psychological and economic effects of a free-trade arrangement?

There is something indecent in the solemn nonsense of a customs barrier between these two peaceful nations. Free trade might annoy the American farmer but it would gladden the citrus fruit people; if Canada has no dollars to spare for American goods under the present restrictions, she might quickly have dollars aplenty with more tourists and new markets. Does the oft-

rebuilt and repatched tariff structure represent a particular theory of economics, or is it more likely an attic piled with worn-out indiscretions of the lawgivers? A system of tariffs is a form of economic planning — or regimentation — at its dreamiest: lacking the all-wise and infinitely just basis which will suit everyone, tariffs work about as well as Technocracy or the Townsend Plan would work. Yet the only two great free-enterprise nations which survive today, both turning substantially the same face towards the rest of the world and — like it or not — sharing most of this continent as neighbors, still play out the childish game.

Divided we stand!

CHARLES W. MORTON

MEMORY OR DREAM?

by M. F. K. FISHER

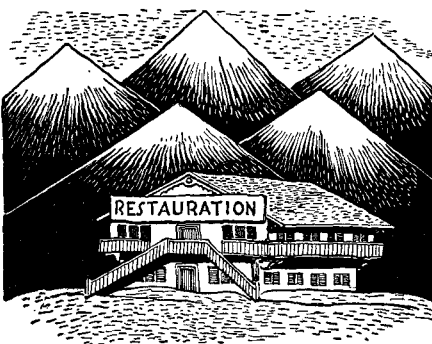
Few Americans have combined such lively experience in the field of cookery and such ability to describe it as M. F. K. FISHER. She is now living in California.

IN SMALL towns in Switzerland the signs of public eating places say, instead of Restaurant, *Restauration*. I have always liked that. It is old-fashioned and therefore inelegant — and it means, quite simply, that a body can enter the room, sit down at a table, and literally *restore* himself, by the too common and unceasing miracle of bread and wine.

When the signs say *Restauration à toute heure* I feel more reassured, for I know that if, like most other human beings, I must suddenly, for no predictable reason, eat at eleven at night or eleven-fourteen in the morning, I can go to that kindly place and feed my quirkish hunger. There will be someone to serve me, perhaps the cook himself, and there will be a very simple thing to stay my pain: a bowl of potato soup or two fresh eggs cooked in butter or a slice of toasted mountain cheese on honest bread, and milk or coffee or rock-cool wine — all to restore me, at any hour.

Perhaps the nearest thing to such unfashionable hospices, in our country, are the hamburger heavens, the chili huts, and the chain-run hash houses owned by big packing companies and such.

They are, say, made to look like old railroad diners or whitewashed log cabins, and perforce as simple. They have plenty of windows, to let in the sun and at night, cheerily, to let out the warm blaze of light. They have no dangerous space where food can freeze or stagnate or die twice in steam tables, but instead a workable icebox and a kind of galley counter, behind which the cook flips his pancakes, fries his eggs, and broils his bacon neatly, fleetly. There is a



coffee machine, which makes a brew almost unfailingly feeble, but fresh and nicely hot. There are a few discreetly low-walled booths.

There is, best of all for one man alone or for a couple, a curved counter with fixed stools. Inside it the cook copes with simple wishes. Outside it creatures sit — *we sit* — tired, lonely, empty of love or overfull of it, and above all hungry. We rest from whatever battles have been fought, and restore ourselves for the ones ahead.

Almost anyone has, in one way or another, stated his views on The Perfect Restaurant. A few men, like César Ritz of the Ritzes and Ernest Byfield of the Pump Room and Monsieur Point of La Pyramide and Fred Harvey of the Harvey Houses, have put their theories into practice and immobilized their dreams into their own variations of Ye Rite Spot.

Mr. Harvey has crisp-petticoated virgins, nubile but nice, who flick fresh baked apples and local trout onto the trim tables. Mr. Point has hot hors d'oeuvres, garden shade, and somewhat of the same pyrotechnic display of flaming entremets that Mr. Byfield puts on, even more flamboyantly, with his speared shashlik and his plummy blackamoors. Mr. Ritz, long ago and even now, serves forth his wines in Baccarat glass, glass wiped out with sun-sweet linen napery, not some cotton swab doused in gray water and a cheap detergent. All this makes for perfection, in any man's lingo.

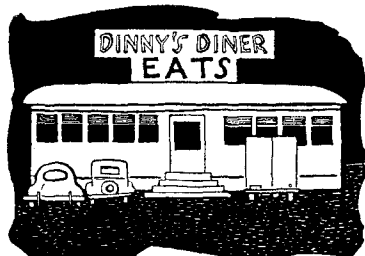
My own dream, composite of what I have heard-read-dreamed-thought, alternates in Cloud Cuckoo between what I most regret about the last public place I dined in, and what I remember of a certain one I never saw.

The little place I never saw but well remember had walls unadorned. Its proprietor, who was the cook, was small and thin and intrinsically well-adjusted to the demands of life.

His liquors, seeing as how he was within a block of Aimee Semple McPherson's Temple during prohibition, consisted of good milk, good strong hot coffee, and good plain tea made without tea bags. His scrambled eggs, thanks to two weeks spent swirling an omelet pan in the kitchen of La Mère Somebody-or-other at Mont-Saint-Michel and a childhood of soufflés made of everything from fresh shad roe to fresh field mushrooms, all bound around with fresh farm eggs and concocted in a shore kitchen in Delaware, were what countless people, truck drivers and penitents from the Temple and alcoholic authors, have told me were the best scrambled eggs in all the world.

My friend's place, in a completely unfashionable district, was less the cramped result of his equally cramped financial backlog than of his long seasoning as an intelligent diner-out. He had eaten, and eaten well, in most of the fine restaurants of Western Europe and America — from the foyer to the furnace room of Foyot's (he used to sneak down at dawn for *café au lait* with the concierge there, when it was a hotel as well as a great gastronomical meeting place); from the Presidential Suite at the Palace in San Francisco to Bookbinder's sidewalk clam bins in Philadelphia; Boeucc's in Milano. . . . And there he was, happy as an overworked cricket, running his own version finally of The Perfect Restaurant in a hypergodly neighborhood in Los Angeles, a tiny hash house by a bridge, with two tables, a counter around his galley, a seasoned egg pan, and a beautiful wife to make celestial waffles.

He had one little window on the street, and every day or so he would make a new decoration for it, of something to eat. The most popular, and the one that lured the most paying customers, was a strawberry waffle on a plain thick white plate, couched on, of all unseemly things in that locality, a rich bed of black velvet. There was a generous pitcher of crushed berries, it has been told me; three or four fat berries winked out here and there from the silky and seductive folds of cloth. The truckers who were his best patrons would stand spellbound before it, in clusters,



and then come in and eat two or three orders and at 75 cents a throw, a ghastly price in those days.

And he charged 10 cents a cup for coffee, with no apology, when he was one of only three places in the great sprawling town that did so. He sold all he could make, and it meant staying up every night until almost dawn, cleaning the little pipes and pipettes of the coffee machine, because he did

not trust anyone else to do it adequately for the kind of coffee that was worth 10 cents a cup in 5-cent days.

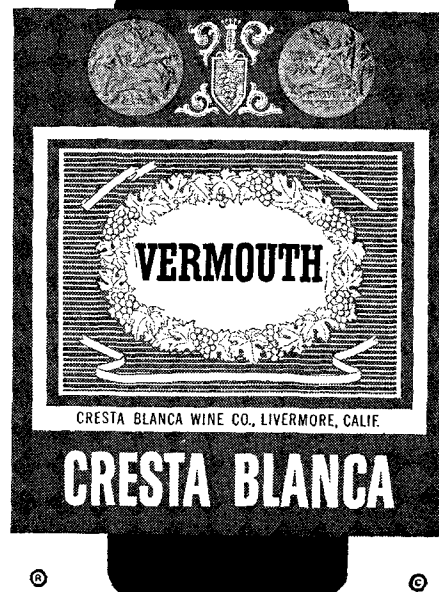
For a time he tried serving one dish a day, for each day in the week: codfish cakes on Friday,

that sort of thing. It was a waste of energy. There was usually some left, to be discarded, for he abhorred disguised leftovers except for his dearest friends, with whom he could cook and eat without fear of unknown gastronomical prejudices. (Most people, and rightly, suspect restaurant dishes which are plainly made of others and yet others.)

He limited his menu, cut it almost to the bone: eggs always, and coffee; good bread and good butter, freshly toasted as desired; several kinds of waffles to order, and strong hot consommé; bacon and ham and little "breakfast" sausages, and a fine mixture of chopped beef and herbs and suchlike which he called hamburger just to get people to order it; the best ice cream he could buy, and homemade cakes and pies when he could get reliable women to make them. He always kept good salad stuff on hand, and things like baby radishes and green peppers and pink Italian onions, and would make a simple salad for anybody who wanted one enough to ask for it and then say what he wanted it made of.

The people who ate there were interesting. Local intellectuals "took it up" for a time, because of my friend's literary liaisons. A great many hungry men went there to succor their inner beings with the sight of his wife and the sound of her sweet voice. In somewhat the same way many future missionaries, studying the art of soul-saving at Aimee's Temple, went there for more immediate salvation of their bodies and for the sustaining impetus of my friend's spirit, a truly rare one. And

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contributed four notable articles to the *Atlantic Monthly* as Atlantic Correspondent in France during 1945. She has also published eight brilliant short stories in THE ATLANTIC since 1944, of which the most recent was *The Exiles*, May, 1949.

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all of them, crazy with art or love or religion or just the heat, knew good honest simple food when they saw it.

For many, I feel sure, it was both the first and the last time they would ever know it, for such nourishment is hard to come by. The fact that they flocked to it, while it could be had, proves that every human being, given the chance, can recognize rightness, even though he has never recognized it before nor ever will again. There in the hole-in-the-wall, in a district at once shady and sanctimonious in a raw city, could be found warmth and protection, beauty if only vicariously shared, and food so simple and so good, untainted as it was by packaging and artful preservation past its natural prime, that twenty years later it is still remembered, by others than by me who never knew it.

I love good restaurants. I think of them often and deeply, for in whatever form they flourish, they are of necessity founded on the truth that men need food, just as they need shelter and love. When that truth is abused, or prostituted, I withdraw, shocked and repelled. When, as too rarely happens, that truth is respected and some man or woman runs a public eating place which does indeed restore (*Restauration à toute heure*), I feel comforted — as if for every creature who went in and sat down and ate well and drank deeply, I myself were given some small measure of inner sustenance, something to protect me, as well as the diner, from the myriad shameful restaurants built on shoddy decoration, on insolent warring waiters, on outrageous prices and pretentious wine and food lists, and above all on dishonesty in that wine and that food.

That is the crux: honesty. The snobbism of location does not matter. As long as the food is served with courteous interest by people who have a warm pride in their profession, and above all as long as it is *honest* food, it will restore anyone who asks for it, at any hour. And that, to my mind, is what a restaurant should do.



BREAKFAST À LA CARTON

by WEARE HOLBROOK

WEARE HOLBROOK has written many light articles for news syndicates and magazines. A former Iowan, he now lives in Hartsdale, New York.

IN SOME households breakfast is served anonymously, the individual bowls being filled in the kitchen, for there are women who feel that the presence of the identifying box on the table strikes a jarring commercial note. But as I hate to have cereal and cream come out uneven, I have always preferred to serve myself from the original container. Besides, reading the blurbs somehow makes the stuff more palatable.

At least, it used to. As a constant reader of cereal packages every morning for more than forty years, I am depressed by the crassly materialistic turn which this form of literature has taken lately. There is still plenty of lush verbiage. But the adjectives "healthful," "nutritious," and "body-building," which used to whet my youthful appetite, have given way to such impersonal exclamations as "wonderful" and "amazing." And they don't refer to the contents of the package, but to some rickety gadget that can be obtained by a barter of box tops.

I can remember when Post Toasties were known as Elijah's Manna. The box was decorated with a likeness of the old gentleman being fed by ravens, and there was no object in tearing off the top except to get at the flakes inside. The first Grape-Nuts I ate came in a bleak yellow and black box with a booklet entitled "The Road to Wellville." They seemed to take an unconscionably long time to chew, but they were sufficient unto themselves and I munched them manfully. Then there was Force, to which Sunny Jim lured me with limericks, although

the package itself offered nothing livelier than a couple of grim blacksmiths hammering an anvil.

The breakfast food approach has changed since those days. Consider what has happened to the old Quaker. I can still recall him as a dignified figure on the oatmeal package, holding another oatmeal package bearing the picture of a smaller Quaker holding a smaller oatmeal package, and so on *ad minimum*. When puffed wheat — "the food shot from guns" — came along, the gentle old Quaker was suddenly surrounded by belching cannon, but he stood his ground philosophically. Now, however, he appears to be going down for the third time under the bombardment. Only his head and shoulders are visible. His smile is forgiving, but forced. A Disney character named Bugs Bunny has taken over, with an offer of five 160-page comic books for 15 cents plus a box top.

The other morning, after several readings of the Cheerios package, which offers a Lone Ranger Deputy badge and a flashlight ring, I began to wonder if perhaps I might be living on borrowed time. Fond as I am of uncooked cereals, I don't like to feel like a case of arrested development every time I eat them. Somewhere, I told myself, there must be an adult cereal — a breakfast food that can be eaten with dignity, free from the tearing of box tops, and the popping of disintegrator pistols, and the taint of bribery.

So the next time I went to the grocer's, it was with the determination to track down a cereal suited to my years. The clerk was most cooperative; wielding a long-handled grappling iron, he brought down package after package from the upper shelves, and in rapid succession I rejected Pep (turbojet planes), Kellogg's Corn Flakes (sun visors), Kix (cut-out animals), Muffets (spinning tops and ball-point pens), Wheaties (miniature cameras), and half a dozen others. Even Shredded Wheat, though outwardly as sedate as ever with Niagara Falls at either end, proved to be full of cardboard jet planes and rockets.

In fact, in a survey of the entire stock of cereals, I found only one package that seems worthy of a place on a grownup's table: Nabisco 100% Bran, which contains "approximately 10% non-nutritive finely milled crude fibre . . . for constipation due to insufficient bulk." I guess that puts me in my proper age-bracket.



LATIN MARRIAGE

by RAY JOSEPHS

RAY JOSEPHS spends the greater part of each year in Latin America and is a frequent contributor to *Accent on Living*.

WHEN a North American man takes a South American spouse, the result, in 95 cases out of 100, is highly successful. But when a U.S. woman marries a Latin male, in almost 75 out of 100 instances the union ends on the rocks. I got my first inkling of the reason at a farewell party in Lima one fall afternoon.

The guest of honor was an extremely attractive American girl connected with our Embassy. During her two-year assignment she'd been rushed like the season's top debutante. Yet though she loved Peru and would have liked nothing better than to marry and stay, she hadn't had a proposal and was going home. Curious, I pulled aside a handsome young Peruvian who had been particularly attentive. Just a few days before, he had announced his engagement to a Colombian girl at the same time his sister had revealed hers to a Panagra pilot. He laughed when I asked why.

"We *Latinos* are attracted by American girls, especially your blondes. They are wonderful for dates, fun, amusing times. But marry them? Never. They don't have the right attitude for the home."

"But," I argued, "what about your sister's engagement to a *Norte-americano*?"

There was a slow, enigmatic smile. "You *Yanquis* always jump to conclusions. Wait until you have lived here awhile. Then you'll understand."

Under the impact of European and U.S. influence marital mores are changing in Latin America. But

get away from the comparative handful with modern ideas in the cosmopolitan capitals of Buenos Aires, Rio, Santiago, and Mexico City and you discover that while cellophane, colored bathrooms, *el bubble gum*, and other twentieth-century innovations are standard Latin equipment, marriage is still conducted along eighteenth-century lines.

The Latin *señorita* who marries the foreigner escapes most of the taboos regardless of residence. The American woman who says "I do" to the Latin is expected to conform, even if settled in the States. And she soon discovers that *Mamá*, who has charge of the Latin bride and her activities until the ceremony, when *his* mother usually assumes the same role, starts the preparation of the *señorita* in infancy.

The routine rarely gets far from home, church, and plaza. The girls are taught that orders must be accepted even from baby brother because *he* is a man and, like all other males in the house, entitled to first consideration. Except among progressive families of means in the larger cities, the chaperone keeps watch all through girlhood. There's still little in the way of sports for the average; almost no after-dark activity and no time for friendship with boys, *per se*.

A young man is either a prospective bridegroom or not wanted around. And education at the parish or public school has the same wedding bells in sight. In most places schooling is confined to the *artes femeninas*: sewing, cooking, running a household and servants. Girls from middle- or upper-income families will also receive instruction in music, history, literature, and languages in conversation-making quantity. Most important, however, is getting and holding the man.

The Latin *señorita* with ideas about a career or making a mark in the world is expected to forget them. There are exceptions — Latin women have made names in medicine and law, architecture, writing and the sciences, especially in Argentine, Uruguayan, Chilean, Colombian, and Costa Rican cities, which are the most liberal. But although marriage and the convent are no longer the sole alternatives, most girls, maturing earlier than here, are engaged at sixteen and married at nineteen.

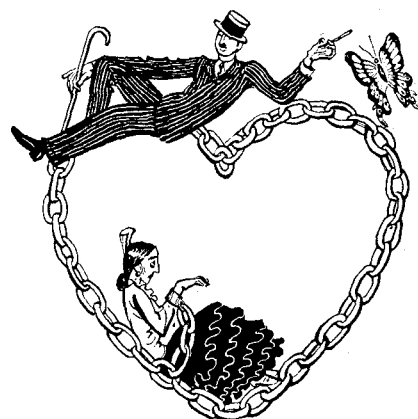
A *soltera* of twenty-one is a rarity. If she's still single at twenty-five, she

rates as an old maid, probably because she turned down her parents' choice. Today not many *señoritas* are ordered to marry the parental selection, but those who defy the family by eloping or otherwise circumventing the pick are few indeed. Generally a compromise is made between love and desirability, with the dowry a deciding factor.

The elaborate church wedding — civil marriages are unfashionable — and the honeymoon are generally idyllic. But once over, family control of Latin marriage begins in earnest. Many couples spend their first years with his family, even though they have sufficient means for their own *casita*. The U.S. bride who may not get along well with certain in-laws will usually put up a good front and cut contacts to a minimum. In Latin America the first obligation is to his clan, even above her own.

Often they vacation together, buy jointly, and take no important step without a *reunión de la familia*. His mother is the final authority on the bride's habits, clothes, make-up, friends, and opinions. Only in those major cities where the international crowd has in recent years introduced the innovation do most wives smoke in public. Wines with meals are accepted by Latin husbands, but anything stronger is usually forbidden.

I've known of Latin husbands who have called for the list of their wives' intimates, decided whom they could see and whom they must not, and



expected arrangements to be made accordingly. The responsibility for running the house, staging the formal entertaining, and managing the children is hers — with *El Señor* checking and countermanding where he feels necessary. For not until the wife herself reaches upper middle age and heads a family of her own does

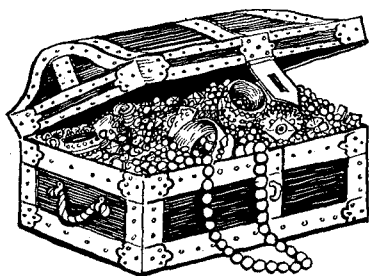
she obtain the full rewards of dignity, responsibility, and standing which are regarded as the compensating factors in Latin marriage.

What most astonishes U.S. women who marry Latins is the frequency with which the men carry on an extra-curricular affair, as normal practice. "It's the women who marry. We remain single," is the way many a Latin husband puts it. Latin wives are expected to keep their knowledge of such things to themselves. The Latin feels that first he's a man, secondly a husband. If he's not able to have a mistress he believes he's failed both financially and in virility. Having an *amor* could ruin an American official. Not having one might make a Latin *político* suspect.

Wives, on the other hand, would never dream of applying the same standard. Latin men are among the most jealous in the world. One reason many gave me for not wanting U.S. mates is the fact that before marriage they "have had boy friends and heard words of love from other men." The American husband, one said, likes to think he's won his wife against a field of competitors. The Latin demands that his never have thought of anyone but him. "We may be fooling ourselves," a Cuban admitted, "but we like it that way."

The contrast between the attitude of males north and south of the border is even more noticeable in second marriages. In the United States, widows and divorcees are often regarded as especially desirable. In Latin America, it's almost impossible for a widow to remarry. And except in Mexico, Costa Rica, Uruguay, and a few other countries, divorce is practically unobtainable on any grounds.

It's the unwillingness of U.S. girls to conform that causes so many matches between them and Latin men to end in failure. And it is the willingness of most American men who



marry Latin girls to let them continue in their traditional ways which results in the general success of such marriages.

Latin men educated in the States were frankest in discussing the difference. "Lack of obedience and respect" was their chief complaint. To most, the very independence of American women was objectionable. "They want to have their own friends, bank account, and interests in addition to homemaking," one Brazilian explained. "They want their own cars — and even to use them after dark. We couldn't think of that."

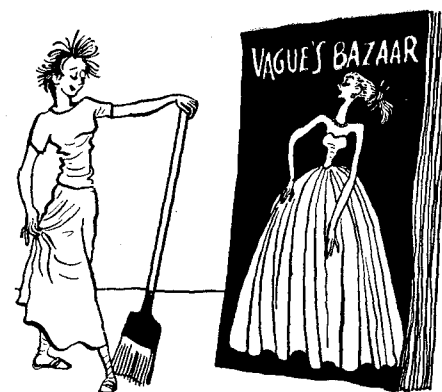
I also gathered other complaints about American wives. They insist upon "drinking and smoking like men." They have "too frank and easy an approach." They have "too much schooling and refuse to take the husband's word sufficiently." And they "don't know how to dress properly."

It was hard not to smile when Latin wives, expressing their reasons for wanting *Yanqui* husbands, cited many of the same things in reverse. Heading the list for most was the one-woman habit. Finding an American who kept a *casa chica* was an exception. Another point mentioned repeatedly was the fact that "most American husbands have few secrets from their wives and make them a part of their lives and interests."

Many Latin wives also emphasized the way most U.S. couples plan things together. Others said Latin husbands are often more generous but "they bestow as a gift — a sign of their goodness — a lot today, nothing tomorrow." American husbands are far more steady, many remarked. "They may lack the courtly gesture or the ability to whisper enough well-turned compliments — but they make it up in a hundred other ways."

Mostly those ways were the freedom American husbands give their wives. And, I found, these Latin women with whom I talked thought more of the little things than of the big: freedom to have an opinion and express it; to discuss family affairs without fear of being arbitrarily overruled; to "feel themselves equals, not chattels."

No wonder every unattached *Yanqui* heading into the Good Neighbor belt finds himself cocktailed, partied, and dined like the year's most eligible bachelor. He may rate as an unromantic suitor, muscle-short glamour boy, or so-so husband at home — but to the Latin *señorita* he's the hemisphere's best catch.



SLEEK, CHIC . . . EEK!

by ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH is a New Yorker whose work has appeared many times in these pages.

I CAN'T understand why none of the smart fashion magazines has been around to do a feature on me. I can only assume that there has been an awful oversight, and I have worked out some ideas for a really nice long article when they do come.

The first picture shows the family at breakfast, and the caption should be something like this: The Robert Smiths breakfast with their famous informality. Son Joseph is in the Babee-Tenda, son Daniel seated on the step stool at the kitchen table. The gracious Mrs. Robert Paul Smith (the former Miss Elinor Goulding, graduate of P.S. 6) stirs the Pablum while the coffee boils over merrily on the range. Mrs. Smith, who is known for the chic informality of her skirts and shirts, likes for early morning wear a gray crinkled cotton skirt with a pristine white T shirt. Mr. Smith squeezes the orange juice in an old pair of tan slacks which he wears with a careless authority. The Smiths' kitchen combines the smart sleekness of green Formica counter tops with a gay clutter of toys, while the green and white linoleum is brightened up with dashes of ketchup red and deep spinach.

The second picture might show me walking to the village with the children, and the caption might be: Mrs. Smith walks to the village with son Joseph (in the stroller) and son Daniel (under her feet). Always individual, Mrs. Smith prefers to walk on the sidewalk. For an afternoon's shopping with the children she likes a gray crinkled cotton skirt with a white T shirt. The shirt is enlivened,

for afternoon wear, with a dash of Clapp's Junior Carrot at the shoulder, while the gray skirt sports a bold design of harmonizing Swift's Strained Beef Liver. One skirt pocket is daringly torn down the side, making the jutting line at the hip that Paris is so mad about this season. Mrs. Smith's ineffably chic, close-cropped hair, cut with a straight bang across the forehead, looks as though it might have been cut by the little boys' barber. (It looks that way because it was.) She also wears, with great style, a wrinkled brow. She wonders if she turned off the oven.

The next picture should be something like this: The Robert Smiths, with sons Daniel (on trike) and Joseph (in play pen) enjoy a summer afternoon on the roomy old-fashioned porch of their charming home in Scarsdale, New York. Mrs. Smith (the former Miss Elinor Goulding of Manhattan and the Julia Richman High School) likes Pittsburgh's Florhide Paint in Pewter Gray for her porch, and for fun-at-home she likes her smartly casual gray crinkled cotton skirt and white T shirt. Here the charming Mrs. Smith expertly wields the 1½-inch brush, while Mr. Smith (who wears an old pair of tan slacks with his inimitable air of authority) hogs the 3-inch brush. Note the porch of this unusual home, which is placed — for the utmost in summer comfort — *outside* the house.

The next picture shows a Sunday afternoon in the back yard: Mr. Robert Smith is in the swimming pool set in back of their charming home in Scarsdale, New York, with sons Daniel (standing) and Joseph



ADAM AND EVE

by ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

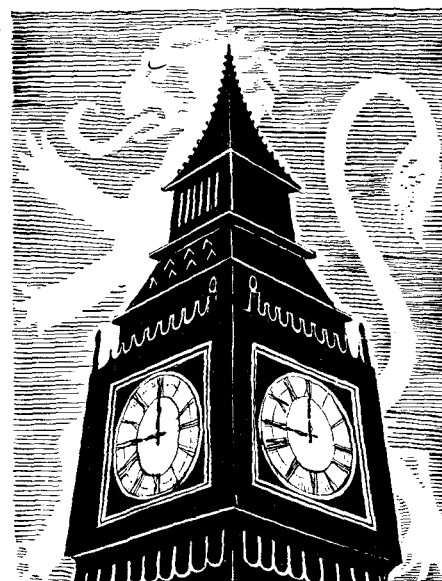
AND when he needed her, she felt new life
Engage her cells; increase her spirit's power.
She seized the doubtful wand of being wife,
And laughed with pleasure that his dreadful hour
Would not be dreadful now — not if she could
By magic somehow intercept his mood.

Though she succeeded, no least thought of praise
Really belonged to her. The ancient part
Of women taught her, and from ancient days
I know she understood with all her heart
That when she needed him he could not talk,
And either went to sleep or for a walk.

(on all fours). Mr. Smith wears, with an easy casual authority, an old pair of tan shorts. Daniel and Joseph wear, with a flair, nothing at all. Mrs. Robert Smith (the former Miss Elinor Goulding of New York City and the Interboro Institute of Secretarial Training) gathers in the wash, and *loves* her gray crinkled cotton skirt and white T shirt. The Smiths like to entertain gay crowds of young people around the pool on hot afternoons. (It's a cinch they couldn't do it in a pool 54 inches in diameter.)

Then there might be a picture showing the Smiths entertaining guests in the evening, and I suggest the following caption: Mr. and Mrs. Smith entertain guests in the living room of their charming home in Scarsdale, New York. At the Smith home, where the unexpected prevails, guests sit on chairs or the sofa with a deliciously gay and hilarious informality. Mrs. Robert Smith (the former Miss Elinor Goulding of Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond), who is known for her sudden changes of mood in dress, likes for informal evening wear a *green* crinkled cotton skirt and a *yellow* T shirt. Her immaculate grooming (she has washed) and the faint perfume of Tabu mingled with Loin Lamb-Chop complete the gracious picture. Who but the Smiths, who are known among their friends for unusual little late suppers, would serve coffee and cake for surprise value?

Mrs. Smith collects antique silver polish and Early American Glass Wax, while Mr. Smith is an avid and devoted collector of mellow old American pine cones and cherry pits.



LONG RUN

by JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

JOHN W. VANDERCOOK is widely known as an author, world traveler, and radio commentator. He is now living in New York.

IT COST only two shillings — for a taxi one way. The performance was so stimulating I walked home.

Matinees begin promptly at 2.30. Long before that, the audience is on hand. It is an audience remarkable for patience and optimism, for since seats for the public are limited to the space of a cramped choir loft, odds against actually getting into the House of Commons are always high.

There is an air of tempered excitement, of pleasant bustle, but almost no noise. It is at once evident that whoever is in charge of casting has an eye for detail. The policemen who keep the streets outside clear of traffic bottlenecks and dissolve clots of the curious with no more than a reproving glance are the largest, the most amiable, and the pinkest in all London.

The fortunate few who hold Orders of Admission are not harried. On the contrary, they are made to feel they are being helped through a period of personal crisis. It would be so unimaginably dreadful to go through the wrong door, or to hang one's hat on a Member's peg, a visitor can only be grateful for the whispered hints.

On the stroke of the half-hour the Mace Bearer, robed in black and white, and followed by the Speaker, appears off L. The crowd parts. The last faint whisper dies. The small procession disappears. A door closes. The House is sitting.

At each side of the great oak and gilded Gothic room are five rows of benches covered with red leather. There are no designated places, no crannies for dull papers. Actors here must know their lines. The Speaker's square, flat table at one end of the long chamber nearly fills the space between the front benches of Government and Opposition.



Mr. Attlee looks rather small and tired. His arms wrapped round him, he sits slumped down so far that several inches of the red upholstery show above his balding head. Later the Prime Minister simply gets up and goes away, unnoticed. Mr. Herbert Morrison, disheveled but happy in this his natural element, alertly lounges.

Attendance on the Opposition side is excellent. Tailoring is in the great tradition. The Lords have deleted the clause in the Government's Criminal Justice Bill which sought to abolish capital punishment. Today Government will offer a compromise. Opposition, like the Peers, stands four-square for hanging.

Since the debate will be long and few expect to be convinced, there is at first only a scattering of Labor Members. (They will come later when a vote is taken.) But there are enough to provide contrast. Like Mr. Attlee, most of them look tired. Like Mr. Morrison's, Labor's suits need pressing.

Question Time brings up the curtain, sets the stage, identifies the players.

. . . Lt. Com. Gurney Braithwaite (C.) demands of the Minister of Fuel and Power: "Why Mr. T. Taylor, farmer, of The Bungalow, Sproatley, was refused five extra gallons of petrol for the purpose of visiting the Royal Show at York?" Members of the Cabinet answer that query and a list of

107 others, for three quarters of an hour. The pace is fast. Interruptions and witticisms fly like sparks from Roman candles. Solemnity has short shrift and inaccuracy none at all.

Once, there is a tiny pause, no longer than one beat of a conductor's baton. The Actor-Manager has made his entrance. The round head gleams pink in the light from the windows high above. He puts down a black dispatch box on the Speaker's desk and sits in the front row. The massive, stooping shoulders, the stalwart, chunky body, are garbed in a short morning coat and sponge-bag trousers. In a House where it is the rule that no one may be addressed by name, it is "the Right Honorable Member from Woodford." Elsewhere he is known as Winston Churchill.

Swiftly now, the show begins.

Government's champion today is as well cast as the policemen at the gates. He is the young Attorney-General, Sir Hartley Shawcross, handsome as a film star. He speaks without notes, and well. He wears about him a hint of shining armor, a flutter of white banners in the sun. He pleads for the sanctity of human life, but he defers to judgments which differ from his own. Because of them, and because "in another place" (for neither is it permitted here to mention the House of Lords) total abolition of the death penalty has been rejected, he seeks to persuade compromise. Let hanging, then, be reserved only for those who more brutally and with most premeditation kill . . .

For an hour the clear voice rings out and is given complete attention.

Sir Hartley sits down. Negligently he crosses his ankles and rests his heels on the edge of the Speaker's desk. During his long rebuttal nothing will figure so prominently on Mr. Churchill's usually unlimited horizon as the soles of Sir Hartley's boots, not six feet from him.

The most famous of living voices broods and rumbles. He wrings uneasy laughter from his audience by mocking inquiries as to how the Gentlemen Opposite propose to separate good murderers from bad. His style is Elizabethan. His comic touches are as broad as a Second Gravedigger's.

The Leading Juvenile is undis-mayed. When his giant opponent ends he returns like a terrier to the attack. He begins: "The Right Honorable Gentleman, in his desire to retain the gallows . . ." The flick of the last two syllables almost visibly

draws blood. The Star growls in his throat and the broad but rounded shoulders stir under the black broad-cloth.

The debate is open now. The afternoon wanes. It is England and it is time for tea but no one leaves. A Member points out that the torrents of talk will spare or end at very most eight human lives a year.

An ill-dressed Government front-bencher with a blond mop of tousled hair and a thick north-country accent is interrupted by a Distinguished Personage. Not only Savile Row but centuries have gone into creating him. He is tall. The lean profile, the clipped mustache, are as impeccable as the crease of his striped trousers. He speaks the English tongue as if he owned it, too. With a few haughty and skillful phrases he disposes of, he totally abolishes, the common little man who stands — is it so incongruously? — and dares to speak in that great hall.

There is another microscopic pause. It is hardly longer than the click of a camera's shutter but it is nevertheless perceptible. Breaths are held. All feel the same question. Here opposed are gentleman and man, the sure past and the unsure future.

The pause ends. Mere man is unshaken. His feet are firmly planted. "The noble Lorrdd," he resumes, "with his characterristic impudence . . ." The shade of William Langland smiles.

Dark comes. The yellow electric lights go on. The hour for dinner is ignored as was the hour for tea. Debate — warm and chill, obstinate or pleading — runs on like a turbulent river. Interruptions are frequent. No one is permitted merely to drone on. Speakers will be hooted into oblivion if they bore, or — sin of sins on this broad stage — dare to read a speech.

Not till long after midnight is a vote taken. The Government's compromise is carried by 332 to 196. The Lords' further amendment, to retain flogging, is dismissed.

The session has lasted eleven hours. The run — close on seven hundred years.

